

Zion's Herald

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Zion's Herald.

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The Outlook.

The Great Secretary.

Hamilton Fish, son of Col. Nicholas Fish, a distinguished officer in the Revolution and an intimate friend of Alexander Hamilton, was born in New York, Aug. 3, 1808, and died at Glen Cliff, his summer home on the Hudson, Sept. 5, 1893. He was formerly Governor of New York, Representative in Congress, United States Senator, and Secretary of State during the eight years of General Grant's administration. In history he will rank with the great secretaries—Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Webster, Marcy and Blaine. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1827, and in 1830 was admitted to the bar. As above intimated, Mr. Fish made a conspicuous and honorable record of public service. A man of large ability, liberal learning and elegant tastes, he became the scholar in politics, but the scholar with practical aptitudes and wide experience of men and affairs. In 1862 he was sent, with Bishop Ames, to visit our soldiers in Southern prisons. Though the commission was not allowed to enter the Confederate lines, it still opened the way for the exchange of prisoners. President Grant relied upon Fish above any other man for suggestion and counsel. At the death of Chase, Grant proposed to name Fish as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, but the latter modestly declined on the ground of defective legal knowledge. That he managed the delicate affairs of his department with prudence and success, is high praise. Patriotic in his purposes, his methods were open and unexceptionable. He leaves three sons and two daughters—Nicholas, a distinguished diplomat; Stuyvesant, president of the Illinois Central Railroad; and Hamilton, Jr., a New York lawyer and Republican leader.

Home Rule among the Peers.

The House of Lords is a dead house, where every liberal measure is in danger of being held for final burial. The Home Rule bill, which Gladstone carried so triumphantly through the Commons, forms no exception. The Lords, instead of stopping to debate the matter, finished the whole in a week. When it came to a vote, the majority was, as expected, overwhelmingly against the bill. The speeches on the measure were of course few. The Earl of Selborne, a liberal unionist, was bitter in his denunciation of the bill as a source of future trouble, a sowing of dragon's teeth, and, in fact, a capitulation to the worst Irish faction. The Earl of Rosebery gave the other side in perfectly good humor. The measure might not succeed, but it behooved the nation to try pacification. The closing speech was assigned to Lord Salisbury, who gave the bill the hardest kick possible. The points against it were put strongly, and he warned the Lords that they would be untrue to the duty devolved upon them from a splendid ancestry and untrue to their highest traditions if they failed to reject the bill. They regarded the traditions, and broke with liberty. The bill was rejected 419 to 41.

Reign of Terror in Hayti.

Hayti is in an unusually disturbed condition. President Hippolyte, like President Cleveland, is worried over the silver question. The American silver which they have received has so far depreciated as to seriously affect the financial soundness of the country. Good money is scarce, and gold drafts command from eight to ten per cent. premium. Business is in a strained condition, and the popular discontent renders the danger of revolution imminent. The President holds a long list of suspected persons, some of whom have been warned that, in case of an uprising, they would be shot at once. Gens. Manigat and Canal, the chief persons mentioned as leaders of a revolution, are confined in Kingston and thus unable to head the movement. Not a few of the resident foreigners have been called upon and informed that on the occurrence of any disorder among the people they would be at once banished from the island. Several who recently went from Kingston to Port-au-Prince, were arrested on landing and thrown into prison. No one in the island feels exactly safe, not knowing how soon a revolution may break out, or what the government in such an event might do. The quiet secured by the President is the silence before the storm.

Emin is Dead.

For several years the figure of Emin Pasha has flitted across the African desert without our knowing whether he was dead or alive. Dr. Carl Peters, the German agent, now in America, has been confident that Emin was alive; but our latest intelligence from the lake country contradicts this view. Rev. Mr. Swann, a missionary from Ujiji, gives important details in connection with his death. According to Mr. Swann's account, he was murdered by the Arabs in the Manyema

country in the east part of the Congo State. There are several accounts, the details of which, in all important features, agree. He was beheaded with a scimitar and his body thrown to the Manyema, who ate it. They also killed and devoured Emin's Nubian followers. From these statements Rev. Mr. Swann concludes that Emin must be dead. The reader has not forgotten the remarkable record of this man. Emin was a German Jew, named Edward Schnitzer, born in 1840. He studied medicine at Berlin and Konigsberg and became an adept in science. In 1868 he entered the Turkish army as a surgeon, and was sent to Egypt. While there he met "Chinese" Gordon; and, in 1878, Gordon made him governor of the Equatorial Province. Then came the struggle with the Mahdi, and from 1882 to 1886 Emin was lost to the world. Stanley found him in the latter year, but he soon disappeared a second time, and our first later intelligence from him is this account from Mr. Swann.

Rum and Prohibition.

The liquor traffic is the most steady and diabolical business done in Massachusetts. The sales are constant and remunerative in spite of hard times. Interest and appetite are incentives in aid of the traffic. The vendors of this poison work hard; their work is mean, it is the devil's work. The vendor is like the demon in that he moves intelligently to a bad end. But a remnant of the American people have their eyes open to the wrong and danger of the traffic. The hold the principles of prohibition have on this minority is seen in the cohesion of the political party organized to promote this reform. To be sure, its advance has not been as rapid as ardent advocates prophesied; the marvel is that it has not been ground up between the upper and nether millstones. The Republican and Democratic Parties have crumbled badly at the edges under the influence of new ideas and forces. The silver question made a cleavage in both across the grain; but the Prohibition Party came together in Massachusetts and New York with a shout. The speeches and resolutions were hopeful, even jubilant. Though not numerically strong, the party holds its forces in hand much better than either of the old parties, and only waits the day when, silver and the tariff being settled, the temperance cause will have right of way.

Bitter Cry from South Carolina.

Gov. Tillman's call for help has unusual significance and urgency, and will certainly meet a generous response from all quarters. The hurricane swept South Carolina like a besom. The sea islands were flooded and desolated. The houses were swept away, the crops destroyed, and from 800 to 1,500 people perished. The 20,000 remaining are without shelter, clothing or food. For a year, or until a new crop can be grown, they must depend on charity. The governor asks for money, clothing, food and medicine. The last item may be very important. Following the storms of 1817, 1854 and 1871 were periods of fearful sickness. The water is all brackish, many bodies remain unburied, and the destitute condition of the people exposes them to the dangers of diarrhea and malignant malarial fever. Good food and clothing will help to ward off disease and death. This great calamity calls for long-term charity; these sufferers must have something tomorrow as well as today, or perish.

An American Bonaparte.

The American Bonapartes are a sporadic growth, drifted by a strange wind from the Corsican coast. Jerome, the younger brother of Napoleon, came to America in 1803 and married Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore. Their son, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was born in 1805, and died in Baltimore in 1870, leaving two sons, Jerome Napoleon and Charles Joseph. The latter was graduated at Harvard, and is a lawyer in Baltimore. The elder was born in Baltimore in 1834, and died at Beverly, Md., on the 31st inst. He was graduated at West Point, and served in the United States Army. Passing over to France in 1854, he served in the Crimean War, and returned finally to America in 1879, a few days before the death of his grandmother, Elizabeth Patterson. In 1871, Col. Bonaparte married Caroline, daughter of Samuel Appleton, of Boston. Of this union are two children, Jerome Charles and Louise Eugenie. The Bonapartes inherited large wealth. Col. Bonaparte was a loyal Catholic and has been known mostly in late years by his addresses at Catholic conventions.

Our Musical Critic.

John S. Dwight, who died, Sept. 5, in Boston, at the age of 80 years, was our foremost musical critic. He was born in Boston, and graduated at Harvard in 1832. In 1840 he was ordained pastor of the Unitarian Church in Northampton, but soon abandoned the pulpit for the charms of Brook Farm, the rustic paradise of young and enthusiastic scholars. In 1848 he returned to Boston to use his pen for the *Dial* and the *Christian Register*. But he at length discovered that music was his life passion. Though he did not regard himself as a thoroughly educated musician, either theoretically or practically, he was swayed by the appeal music made to his nature and was kindled by an intense enthusiasm for the art. In 1842 he established *Dwight's Journal of Music*, which he edited until 1881, when it was discontinued. In 1858 the financial responsibility was assumed by Oliver Ditson & Co. By articles in the *Journal* and lectures given in many places, Mr. Dwight did much to awaken public interest in the study of music. He was, in fact, an important agent in the musical re-

vival realized in America during the past fifty years. He directed and pointed the people to the best music. In his convictions in the matter he was positive and earnest. In the controversy about the foreign masters he held his own views and was never afraid to express them. He stood for Bach, Handel and Beethoven as against Wagner, Berlioz and Rubinstein.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D. D.

WASHINGTON is the

Paris of America.

The brilliant capital, while its winters are much milder than those of Boston or New York, has a climate that in summer is very warm. The present season has been a delightful one. While there have been days of intense heat, there is much to relieve the excessive warmth and humidity. A delicious breeze is nearly always blowing. Situated on the majestic Potomac, one hundred and sixty miles from its confluence with the Atlantic, there comes with the regularity of the tides a flow of air from off the sea. There are also the blue hills of Maryland and Virginia and the loftier ranges of the Alleghenies from which come cooling zephyrs bearing the tonic of the mountains.

The streets, too, are nearly all well shaded. Pennsylvania Avenue, the Via Sacra of this imperial city, extending from the Capitol to the Executive Mansion, with its broad surface of 160 feet covered with asphalt, is always hot as a furnace; but the other avenues, varying in width down to 120 feet, and the streets, from 147 feet down to 81, are nearly all lined on either side with shade trees of every variety and proportion. This greatly enhances the pleasantness and healthfulness of the charming metropolis. There are also parks of trees and shrubs and flowers, and provided with seats, where fountains send up their ceaseless splash and statues abound; and in these breathing places thousands take refuge from the torrid rays of the sun. The Mall, the Smithsonian grounds, the Botanical Gardens, President's Square, Lafayette Square, the ornamental intersections of the avenues, that radiate like the spokes of a wheel from the Capitol, with the streets that run in rectangular order, are all "lungs" of the city. Indeed, the public grounds consist of more than three hundred reservations, containing over four hundred acres.

Driving is a favorite enjoyment in summer. There are 235 miles of streets, of which one hundred miles are of concrete pavement with its smooth and durable surface. These level, clean thoroughfares are nearly all beautifully shaded, and one of my parishioners who drives a spanking team of Kentucky thoroughbreds assures me that he could drive in his open carriage through the long sunny afternoon along streets where a lady occupant would not need to raise her parasol to protect her against the sun.

Should one tire of the city with its palatial public buildings and private residences, its miles upon miles of shaded streets, and acres upon acres of parks and squares, he can take one of the many suburban drives that afford prospects of surpassing beauty. There is the Soldiers' Home with its far-reaching landscapes and vistas of loveliness; Rock Creek Park, with two thousand acres of valley and hills; Arlington, where sleeps the nation's patriot dead, and a score of other places which astonish and delight the visitor. Nor have we mentioned the invigorating sails up and down the broad and stately river.

In every way the national capital is worthy of the name of Washington. St. Petersburg was the thought of an emperor, but the capital city was the creation of the federal government. Two names are inseparably entwined with the history of Washington: One is that of Major L'Enfant whose accomplishments, talents and industry conceived and developed the plan of the city on a scale of magnificence without parallel and in keeping with the grandeur of a colonial nation. The other is that of Alexander R. (called "Boss") Shepherd, the presiding genius of its ornamentation, who with an audacity of expenditure transformed it, in an incredibly short period of time, from an unsightly and straggling city into a marvel of beauty, a wonder of the world.

Washington has had during the World's Exposition its full share of visitors. Tourists from abroad could not see the wonders of the White City without also making a pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington and the political and social center of the great republic. The other Sabbath I dropped into the Strangers' Class, conducted by the well-known attorney, Mr. T. W. Talmadge, and found among others three thoughtful and cultured Brahmins, who were studying not only our American civilization, but also the Christian religion. They had many questions to ask, but the leader and his classmates, along with a gifted and spiritual Presbyterian minister who was present as a visitor, were able to meet their objections and urge them to apply the experimental test as to the truth and power of the Gospel. It was a tender and impressive service. Another visitor to the Metropolitan Church was a distinguished prelate of the Greek Church, who inscribed on our register of visitors the name, "Dionysius Leitis, Archbishop of Zante, Greece." Our genial and gifted presiding elder, Rev. Dr. Naylor, was in the church at the time and extended the courtesies due to the archbishop and his friends. The Capitol is always the

Mecca of American Pilgrimage.

The White House is the most beautiful home in the world to every Republican or Democratic aspirant toward the Presidency. The

Treasury buildings are very imposing, and though the treasury itself is somewhat drained of gold, yet there are thousands who would be glad to get as much as a hand in there. The Pension building is a wonderful structure 400 feet long by 200 feet wide, and 75 feet high, giving accommodation to 15,000 of the elite of the nation at the grand inauguration reception. How many would be glad to have only a "name written there!"

But, dominating the city as St. Paul's dominates London, or St. Peter's Rome, or the Mosque of Omar Jerusalem, is the stately Capitol, covering three and a half acres, the white dome poised over the middle of the long rectangle of buildings and rising, like St. Genevieve in Paris, in airy majesty and grace. Its columns and colonnades, its architectural terraces, spacious plateau, and broad flights of marble steps, all give to the stately pile an appearance the most imposing of any public building I have seen in my wanderings over five continents. It would be called in Europe the Palace of the Legislative Assembly, and has been erected at a cost of \$13,000,000. In the south wing is the House of Representatives, in the north wing is the Senate chamber. Enclosing both these halls of legislation are long, lofty corridors called lobbies; and the lobbyists are they who, having objects to gain on the floors of Congress, are able to enter these corridors and button-hole Senators and Representatives. Many a one is satisfied to get into the lobby; for, once there, he knows that, by hook or by crook, he can get upon the floor of the Legislature.

The Extra Session of Congress

called by the President has turned the eyes of the nation toward the Capitol. The Senate, in keeping with its dignity, is proceeding very leisurely toward legislative action; but in the House a steady flood of eloquence has rolled along. Day after day "Old Glory," floating over the south wing, told that the House was in session; and night after night the lantern above the dome at the feet of the statue of liberty—a goddess of bronze, holding in her right hand a sheathed sword and in her left a wreath and shield, her head capped with eagle feathers, and around her forehead a fillet studded with thirteen stars—night after night this lantern, glowing with flame, has shone like a star, telling the people far off that their Representatives were still deliberating on the interests of the nation.

I had the privilege of attending the great debate on the silver question, and my estimate of the ability and diplomatic skill of many of the members was considerably heightened. The masters of parliamentary oratory, the giants of debate, are rare, but the general average is high. Out of the one hundred and sixty set speeches there were few that did not deserve attention. I mean, of course, general attention; for in the House it is not considered in good form for a Representative to give any attention to what is going on. They are writing, slamming desks, clapping hands for a page, engaged in conversation, walking about or surreptitiously whiffing at a cigar. There were some free passenger-attacks as well as some elaborate oratorical fireworks. New England still furnishes its quota of brains to the House. Mr. Reed, the ex-speaker, though careless about his dress and appearance, is by no means slovenly in his mental preparation for debate. His speech was broad, comprehensive, statesmanlike, patriotic, and was a valuable contribution to the great question. Mr. Everett convulsed the House with his story of a poor church in England that got a supply of hymn-books for a penny apiece from a London firm on the condition that each book should contain two pages of advertisements. The books arrived on Christmas Eve, but great was the horror of the pastor, when next morning he announced the Christmas hymn, to hear his grave deacons and the congregation singing:

"Hark, the herald angels sing,
Beulah's hills are just the thing;
Peace on earth and merrily mirth,
Two for a man and one for a child."

The party in power seemed to feel the responsibility of the hour, while the opposition were floundering comfort in the refrain,—

"There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
There's a good time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer."

I was present on Monday, August 28, when the voting took place. It was an exciting scene. The speaker sat at his elevated desk with gavel in hand; below were the clerks, all in their places, and at a lower desk the reporters for the press. The Representatives were crowded with visitors. Telegrams were flying, pages rushing hither and thither, excitement everywhere. The test vote was on the 16 to 1 ratio amendment, and the interest culminated when, after all the amendments had failed, the Wilson Repeal Bill was carried by a vote of 240 for repeal and 100 against. When the vote was analyzed, it was found that New England is solid for repeal and so are New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania; the South is equally divided; the West is for silver. The Democrats voted two to one for repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law. The Republicans voted four to one for repeal. The population represented is two to one for repeal, and the wealth, four to one.

The Stewart-Pepper-Vest party in the Senate may struggle for the silver interests, but even there repeal seems assured. Already the action of the House has had a beneficial effect, and there is a marked improvement in the financial situation. What the constructive legislation will be, who can tell?

Let us hope that our senators and legislators will be wisely guided, and that, as the result of financial legislation, distrust may

be removed and the nation brought back again into the sunshine of prosperity and ever-increasing wealth.

Washington, D. C.

THE LABOR CONGRESS IN CHICAGO.

REV. STEPHEN J. HERRIN.

THE voice of labor was heard in Chicago last week. The advocates of the various phases of what is known as the "labor problem" met, read papers, debated, and departed. The workingman cannot say now that his cause has not been pleaded, or that the traditional inhumanity which man bears to man has hardened the hearts and closed the minds of men and women to his claims. It is doubtful, however, whether the workingman will himself ratify all that his advocates said. In such a gathering—representing, as it did, many countries, many trades, many theories—it was to be expected that some irrational utterances would be made. There are persons who are sure to say the silliest and most illogical things on occasions which call for words of truth and soberness. It is certain, also, that the noble cause of the workingman would have been served better if certain alarmists and professional agitators could have been kept in the background or placed permanently under the extinguisher. But most of the representatives were sincere friends of those who earn their bread by daily toil. The church was well represented. Bishop Samuel Fallows, whom we in Chicago regard very highly, and who has always shown a warm side toward the workingman, and Dr. Edward McGlynn, of New York, who has won much praise because of his fearlessness, were very prominent in the deliberations of the congress. Bishop Fallows, in an opening address, said:—

"I hope that our friends among the workingmen will get rid of the idea that the church is in any way opposed to the real interests of labor. The ministers are with the people just as their divine Master was with them and for them. The church is not only ready to stretch out the hand of helplessness, but is concentrating its power and energy to study the question of how to save the wage and need and how to get the laborer his just reward."

President Bonney, in his opening address, indicated the plan of the congress in these words:—

"The present congress on labor was organized under the following declaration of fundamental principles: 1. To fill the world with comfortable homes and happy families, is the supreme purpose of labor reform. 2. The progress of the new age is wrought by moral and intellectual forces. Violence is the mother of oppression, and popular outbreaks the excuse for control by force. Disorder and crime are, therefore, the deadliest enemies of labor reform. 3. Moving along the highways of law, order, and peace, every possible reform can advance the victory by the irresistible power of enlightened public opinion. This is proved by the marvelous progress of woman, accomplished without violence, and fortified in each advance by protecting laws. What we want between capital and labor is not war, but a wedding."

Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, one of the warmest and wisest friends of the workingman hereabouts, said in his brief speech of introduction:—

"Our distinguished chairman has spoken of the place occupied by the Labor Congress between the Congress of Science and the Congress of Religion. This is certainly one of the many felicities of the arrangement of these congresses, which we owe to the great statesman and realistic imagination. Certainly that department of human association in which we make children work and which will not let men work is in need of a great deal more science than the great natural sciences. It is in fact, and going to religion, we may hope that the deliberations of this body and the progress of the society from which it emerges and which it represents may be productive of much good. It is certainly something remarkable that so many people should come together with so much anticipation of pleasure because they differ with one another. There is nothing, Emerson says, that a reformer hates so much as another reformer. Our presence here today gives a happy contradiction to his paradox."

The first session of the congress proper was devoted to the interests of woman, and the first and most important paper was one prepared by Lady Emma Dilke, of London. Miss Kate Field, of Washington—she who edits a vivacious paper at the capital, and who has been chosen judge of viticulture at the World's Fair—read the paper and punctuated it with occasional elucidation. Lady Dilke's paper was a review of the work and compensation of women in many branches of industry in Great Britain. It was a pathetic tale of poverty, hardship, unsanitary workshops, inadequate compensation, sweat-shops, intemperance, immorality and death. There was not much sunlight in it. She pleaded for equal compensation of women with men for the same kind of labor, and urged the organization of workingwomen to secure this just end. Herbert Burrows, who attended the congress as England's representative, endorsed all that Lady Dilke said in her sympathetic paper, and went so far as to say that until the "woman question"—not in the General Conference sense—was settled would the labor question be adjusted.

The first evening session brought out a very large audience, which packed the Hall of Washington to the doors. Dr. McGlynn was to speak. He was preceded, however, by Mrs. Eva McDonald Valesch, who is connected with the Minnesota bureau of labor statistics. She spoke on "The Oppression of Woman," using the word "oppression," not in a reproachful sense, but to express the relative position of subordination that woman has always held in society. The various movements for the amelioration of the condition of woman, she claimed, were steps in the right direction, but it should be understood that they were only steps. "I do not believe," she said, "that the arming of woman with the ballot will settle the whole woman question." Dr. McGlynn was received with applause, and as he warmed up in his speech—which was on "The Destiny of the Labor Movement"—the enthusiasm of the vast audience rose higher and higher. He said:—

"I am not here tonight to haul down my flag a single inch. If some tribulation came to me some years ago that procured me a certain notoriety because of my teaching certain doctrines which I believed to be true, I would have it understood that the passing of that tribulation has not been brought about by any retraction or minimizing in me of the doctrines that I have taught. If some of you had sup-

posed that I was a priest who had left my altar because I had tired of it, and had taken up the labor question and other reforms because I fancied them more, let me correct you. I have stood on platforms not in spite of my priesthood but because of my priesthood. For this labor question is essentially a religious question, and the solution of the labor question can never be satisfactorily given unless the solution be in conformity with the teachings of sweet religion and takes large account of the fatherhood of God and the consequent brotherhood of man."

Further on in his speech Dr. McGlynn spoke vigorously against the folly of violence as a factor in reform, and expressed the conviction that the ultimate goal of labor must be the most minute subdivision of work throughout the world and a marvelous exchange of the products of such labor. Mr. Samuel Gomper, president of the American Federation of Labor, spoke on "What does Labor Want?" Among the things demanded by the workingman he enumerated a reduction of the hours of daily labor to eight, the right to organize for self and mutual protection, the right to appear by counsel, adequate wages, more school-houses and fewer jails.

One of the sensations of the congress was precipitated by Mr. George E. McNeill, of Boston. He read a paper on "The Philosophy of the Labor Movement," in which he gave utterance to some of the wildest nonsense and sheerest buncombe that Chicago has heard in a long time. It was about as frantic and silly as "Tommy" Morgan's recent speech on the Chautauqua platform. He talked like a brown-bowling walking delegate. Wealth, culture, refinement, received a severe scoring at his hand. He had nothing good to say of anybody who did not earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Here is one of his choice morsels:—

"The savage man delights in the infliction of torture upon his victims. The civilized man delights in the torture of his weaker brother, but is satisfied to partake of the results of the torture of those who are made contributors to his pleasure. First families in the Eastern States were participants in the profits of the slave trade, and first families in the Southern States were participants with the slave pirates of the East. The war dances of the savages about the burning body of their prisoner is the same in spirit as the insane conduct one witnesses at the stock exchange in times of great excitement. The savage man enslaves the woman, and the wife who would be the inspiration of the home becomes the drudge. The civilized man enslaves the wife or daughter of a less fortunate brother. Tribe was against tribe, nation against nation, and the individual man against his brother."

He showed his contempt of the wealthy man who gives his dollars to charity in this pungent piece of English:—

"Possession is said to be nine points of law; in nine cases out of ten it is an evidence of a theft committed, and the giving back of a beggarly part in the sacred name of charity is a confession of a guilty responsibility."

The *raison d'être* of the labor movement this remarkable investigator defines as follows:—

"The labor movement is born of hunger for food, for shelter, warmth, clothing and pleasure. In the movement of humanity toward happiness each individual seeks his ideal, often with aloof disregard of the happiness of others. The industrial system rests upon the devil's iron rule: 'Each for himself.' It is an unexplainable phenomenon that those who suffer most under this rule of selfishness and greed should organize for the overthrow of the devil's system of government."

Of course he stood forth as the champion of strikes—he could do nothing less and be logical and consistent. He regarded the strike as a part of the wage system, just as the brake is part of the necessary equipment of a railroad train. But Mr. McNeill had one lucid moment at least in his speech. His conclusion was so sensible that it did much to relieve him of the suspicion that inevitably attaches to the agitator "for revenue only." He said:—

"The philosophy of the labor movement teaches us that the rule of a common fatherhood and brotherhood that Christ proclaimed is the law of the wisest self-interest, that in mutual advancement and not in self-aggrandizement is to be found the solution of the problem of 'how to abolish poverty,' and that the organization of workmen in the historic lines of more leisure and more wages would be the best methods and interest shall unite in the maintenance, sustaining and enlarging of human happiness."

Mr. Herbert Burrows, of London, who is a voluble talker on labor—though one cannot escape the suspicion that it is a long time since he has earned a farthing "by the sweat of his brow"—spoke at a later session on "The Problem of the Unemployed." This gentleman prides himself on the part he took in the great dock strike of 1891 in London—which strike, it will be remembered, was an ignominious failure from the standpoint of the strikers. It is not surprising that such a man as Mr. Burrows should constantly be in possession of some panacea, and that his fertile mind should be filled with schemes for the betterment of the workingman. He offered one of these magnificent schemes while considering the conditions of labor in Chicago. He said:—

"A society founded on the stomach doesn't amount to much, but the stomach is a factor that cannot be ignored. You have hungry men, women and children among you, and they must be cared for. I would map out the city into districts, put responsible men to find out what are the actual present necessities of bona-fide residents who could prove that they were such and had been for some time, and then appoint committees to relieve their actual pressing wants. Another thing: When it could be shown that men were actually unable to pay rent landlords should not be permitted to evict tenants. If Congress can get together to consider the money problem, it can also consider means to set afoot public works. If I were the mayor of Chicago I would try to see if the pavement of Chicago could not be renovated in some way, and this would give work to many a hungry man."

What an easy thing it is to say what you would do if you could!

But the London strike organizer was not the only one who had panaceas. The famous Mrs. Mary E. Lease, of Kansas, was present, and when she lifted up her voice every one in the hall knew something was going to happen. She spoke for the farmers, and offered it as her conviction that they alone can solve the great problem which has so long vexed the industrial world. Here is a sample of her vehement oratory:—

"You in the cities cannot solve the labor question. I have read of armies of 65,000 men who have gone four or five days without bread, marching through the streets of New York, while they sent up a cry to the stars of God for bread. Did they march under the stars and stripes? Did they march under the flag of the tree? No! My God! It was under the

[Continued on Page 8.]

For Circulars, Testimonials and Information
Write to address,
Rev. L. A. Bosworth, 26 Bromfield St., Room 10
Boston, Mass.

as father is so nearly the end

crop than two half crops, there will be more green crops plowed under, and less land left to grow weeds after harvest, or left naked and exposed to winds and rains if it is plowed. — *Mirror and Farmer.*

General Notes.

— A great deal of the unpleasant odor from boiling vegetables may be avoided by putting

departed dead; while, ~~others~~
the living, are already in the spiritual world
but cannot see the forms of our dead be-
cause of this veil of the mortal flesh. W
this idea a widow in her affliction and other

...names almost contain a library on practical pedagogy, and will be of invaluable interest to teachers, school committees, school superintendents, the advocates of temperance

tical day preaching by Hugh Price Hughes; the doctrine and fellowship of the apostolic church by Robert A. Watson; and short sermons and notes by various authors.

HUNT & EATON,
150 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rev. J. M. DURRELL,
Tilton N. H.

A. S. WEED, Publisher,
36 Bromfield St., Boston.

This little volume by the author of "Man's Spiritual Being," "Our Children in the Other Life," conveys the teaching of the Swedenborgian Church in reference to the departed dead; which, briefly, is that we the living, are already in the spiritual world but cannot see the forms of our dead because of this veil of the mortal flesh. We find here a widow in her affliction and other

Thorpe, F. A. D., of the University; and
SHORT HAND INSTRUCTION AND PRACTICE
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Zion's Herald.

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EXPULSIVE RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Every normal life is a series of activities. By a beneficent and universal law, no human being can rest long in complete idleness. "Man," says a French writer, "exists only by some species of satisfaction." We are constantly urged on to the appropriation or accomplishment of something which at present lies beyond us.

Constant effort, therefore, being the natural and healthful condition of mankind, we readily see how important it is that this unceasing activity should be rightly directed and applied; for, if perverted and misdirected, it is sure to result in lasting and widespread evil. Man as an energized and energizing being needs to be directed. His activities should be controlled by some power higher than his own. He needs not only the influence of an awakening and inspiring force, but a force shaping and controlling what he does.

Now it is only the inspiration and presence of God which enable a man to guide his activities aright. The presence of the Divine manifests itself, primarily, in conscience, which is the voice of God in the soul. He who disregards conscience, and acts in opposition to its dictates, is sure to be destructive, and self-destructive, in the exercise of his God-given powers. But if men trusted to conscience alone, how few of us would be able to keep our lives firmly upon the right lines! Conscience can be silenced, and when habitually silenced grows dull and unresponsive. Man needs some law within him which shall have a more independent vitality—a vitality which is not regulated by his own fluctuating moral condition. He must have not only the voice, the echo, of the Divine in his heart; he must have the Divine itself. Thus it is that, when Christ says to man as a normally active being, "Lo! I am with you always," He enunciates the great principle, and utters the glorious promise, of the Divine Presence in man as an expulsive force controlling and directing his constant activities. Here, then, is established a vital relation between the source of righteousness and the capacity for righteousness, between right prompting and right doing. The self-existent Christ in men's souls cannot be silenced and overcome, like dependent conscience. The law of righteousness in man is no longer a mere voice, speaking with more or less distinctness to the soul. It is a living, breathing, potential, personal influence. Christ does not stop with saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it." He Himself lives in us, dominating us and imparting a new and expulsive power which makes for righteousness. Paul explained it when he said: "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."

A NEW CHRISTIANITY FOR FRANCE.

For several years reports have reached us in various ways that France was undergoing a moral renovation, a religious revival. The news, if true, would be uncommonly good news, owing to the undoubted immorality of vast masses of the people, the previous strength of Catholicism and corresponding weakness of Protestantism, and the frequent political convulsions, which betray a general want of self-control and a readiness for violence and revolution. We have been reminded very often of Napoleon's last words to his comrades on St. Helena: "When I am dead, my spirit will return to France, to throbb with ceaseless life in new revolutions." Anarchism has one of its strongholds in Paris, and anarchy is atheism. During the siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian war

Parisian anarchist concluded a speech with terrorizing blasphemy, and expressed the wish that he were a Titan and could drive a dagger into the Christian's God. Bishop Hurst says that the Russian nobility are thoroughly saturated with skepticism, deriving their literature and models chiefly from France. The news of reform and revival would be good news, because a re-assertion of the old French Protestant spirit occurred at the close of the last century, and a repetition now would be doubly gratifying.

The weakness of missions to the French Catholics, except the McAll missions, in reaching the wage-earners; the poverty and inertia of the Reformed churches; the collapse of the Gallican movement under the leadership of Father Hyacinthe—all these conditions, added to the fact that reform and revival are good news at any time, have kept us expectant of good tidings.

The most authoritative and revealing statement of the situation that we have seen published in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The article is entitled, "The Moral Revival in France," and the body of it frequently refers to a New Christianity as an element of the revival. The article broadens the outlook and affirms that "A religious, a moral revival is strong in Russia; it inspires certain youthful and still unknown poets of new Germany; it can be traced in the best writers of Italy and Spain. The assurance given is that the revival is proceeding from the top downward rather than from the bottom upward—the usual historical direction. It is the intellectual classes that are leading. The origin of the movement was in 1886. That year is said to have marked a turning-point in the skepticism which had permeated literary France during the Second Empire and in the fifteen years after 1870." Indeed, the true turning-point is said to have been 1870, when Germany conquered France, and the spirit of Luther rather than of Napoleon reappeared in the German soldiers, who thrilled the Frenchmen with Luther's battle-hymn of the Reformation, which the German king characterized as "God Almighty's grenadier march." The *Atlantic* essayist says:

"The men who saw in 1870 that a nation can have no solidarity, no concerted action, no greatness, or effectiveness, without faith and patience and submission to its units, are the men who now, in the maturity of their powers, are urging upon the rising generation the acquisition of moral qualities, latterly too much neglected by their compatriots. And the rising generation—all those young men who are completing their higher studies in the schools that cluster about the old Sorbonne—are said to be lending a very docile ear to these teachings. If we are to believe the leaders neither the ethical empire of Rome, nor the positivism of Taine, nor the naturalism of Zola, hold or satisfy any longer these youths who will form the France of fifteen or twenty years hence. They are manifesting a new desire for vital and tangible principle, for character testified in action; an indifference to some of the allurements of pleasure, which, if genuine, must strike one as novel in the French student; and, finally, the presence of that socialistic inclination that is the sign of the times. . . . It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this movement."

So far, so good. We are not disposed to criticize a movement as important as this is declared to be. Nevertheless we are somewhat chilled by the additional information as to the attitude and teachings which are to do so much for France:

"Interest in the moral problem shows itself variously in these French literary men. It declares itself by an attitude of meditative respect toward religion, distant and divorced from all belief in dogma, but admiring and regretfully sympathetic. . . . These writers not only admire, but would desire to revive, the morality of the Christian religion, rigidly to enforce it, to make it the present rule of every-day life, but all this while repudiating its orthodox, dogmatic foundations. There are, finally, a number—a very small number—of writers entirely within the Roman Catholic tradition and faith, who have contributed some invigorating pages to the work of moral regeneration in France."

A Christian church of some sort—modified, modernized, what you will, but always a Christian church—is alone capable, writes M. Henry Bérenger, "of giving any safe direction to our contemporary democracy." Well said; but again somewhat disappointing when we are told that "the modern Frenchman, whose soul yearns for the Neo-Christianity, succeeds most often in finding Neo-Catholicism." M. Desjardins, one of the leaders of the new movement, outlines no cult; but he wishes to found in France a lay religious association, a Society of Moral Succor—somewhat after the fashion of Societies of Ethical Culture in America. M. Desjardins' ideal association is to include Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Neo-Kantians, men of all shades of belief; for the basis of accord will be a common one, and there will be no disturbing dogmas to bring about division. The place given to Jews and to Jewish thought in the councils of the Neo-Christians is declared to be an interesting and a significant feature of the movement. We must confess that this movement is not Christian in the sense of evangelical Protestantism. It is Jewish, Catholic, Unitarian, ethical. It discards the use of truth as a means to goodness. It is volatile, intangible. Indeed, the *Atlantic* essayist patronizingly and critically says: "This religious glow must have a beauty, a mellowness, of manifestation; it must not be, let us say, the raw Methodist emotionality." As if to include the religious glow and beauty and mellowness are to be, attention is called to the fact that the last two or three Salons at the Champ de Mars have had such representations as that of a modernized Jesus of Nazareth sitting at meat in the house of a fashionable nineteenth-century publican, with a Magdalene in the ball

dress of the period prostrate at His feet. France is theatrical always. It deals in sheet lightning and stage thunder. It is sentimental, attitudinizing, intense, dramatic, superficial. There is a remnant that is not so. That remnant is Protestant and Huguenot. Until it becomes the power that makes for French righteousness, our hopes for the regeneration of the land and people will be involuntarily suppressed.

Can We Touch the Pole?

With men of adventurous temper the attempt to attain the impossible is a passion. Defeat, instead of dampening, kindles fresh their enthusiasm. Arctic exploration is a chronic case. The failure of 1876, which was thought to close the game, really multiplied the number of explorations. No less than three companies are now en route for the North Pole, each with more or less confidence of entering the gates of this closed paradise.

It may be of interest for us to know what the best informed men of the probability of success in these expeditions. In the September number of the *North American Review* G. A. W. Greely, the signal officer of the United States Army, and himself a practical Arctic explorer, prophesies success in these daring enterprises. The General is an expert. His opinion carries with it the weight of wisdom and experience. Both are against the possibility of getting much nearer the Pole on any side. Physical and inexorable conditions are against it. The frozen surfaces are rough and cold and unbearable. The mercury freezes in the thermometer, and the cold blisters the skin like scalding water.

Of the three expeditions, that of Nansen is the most daring. He proposes to touch at Franz Josef's Land, and thence to make his way by ship along the circumpolar channel to the open waters of Bering Sea. This circumpolar current is a theory only, and the success of the voyage is dependent on the absolute correctness of an improbable theory. Nansen opened his plan to the Royal Geographical Society last November, when every one of the leaders, while admiring the superb courage of the Scandinavian navigator, discredited the theory on which he was building his hopes of success. The disapproval of the distinguished Arctic navigators present—McClintock, Nares, Ingfield, Young, Richardson and Hooker—was emphatic.

The plan of Jackson is more feasible. He proposes to take a route east of Greenland and proceed by dog train on the ice. In this way he may gain some additional information as to the eastern polar regions; but the cold will prevent his advancing very near the Pole. The two-edged sword continues to turn every way.

Greely looks with most favor upon the expedition of Peary, who proposes to anchor in Inglefield Bay, and during the next summer move by mule and dog train toward the Pole. In this way he may be able to explore the north of Greenland, but will be likely to be stopped at about the parallel of 82 degrees by the waters which sweep around the north of Greenland. Peary may be able, at least, to test the accuracy of Greely's declaration about the waters around Greenland, and if his supposition should prove to be incorrect, the peckish Americans may be able to advance beyond the 82d parallel. But we are not to forget that the men best able to judge, both by reason of scientific knowledge and experience in Arctic navigation, pronounce against the probability of securing any valuable results from the three current polar expeditions.

Pupils in the Boston Schools.

Boston may well be proud of her public schools, which have just opened for a new campaign of education. The total number of children in the city from five to fifteen years of age is 74,222. The number in the public schools is 55,122. In private schools there are 10,933. The average number belonging to the day schools is 62,150, and in evening schools taught by the city are 5,289 pupils. Of these the kindergarten has 2,335; the primary department, 25,400; the grammar department, 30,183; and the Latin school, 3,969. In the various departments there are employed 1,646 teachers. The total expense for the year ending July 30, 1893, was \$2,590,591.92. Of this sum \$300,000 came from the tuition of non-residents. From this it will be seen that the city is not ungenerous in her provision for the education of her youth. The Boston of today, though so largely foreign, is ambitious to maintain the high record for education made by the fathers, and to furnish the means of education to the rising generation which shall help to make them good citizens.

PERSONALS.

—Rev. W. J. Heath and wife, of Hyde Park, are on their way to Chicago to visit the World's Fair.

—Rev. Dr. Samuel Wakefield, of the Pittsburgh Conference, now in his 95th year, has just issued a volume of sermons.

—We are very happy to announce that Bishop Foss is rapidly improving in health, and has returned to his home in Philadelphia.

—Rev. Edmund Root, a supernumerary member of the Southern Illinois Conference, died, after a few days' illness, at Lebanon, Ill., Aug. 17.

—Rev. B. Fay Mills will spend the fall and winter in the New England States, commencing his first series of meetings at Concord, N. H.

—Rev. Joseph Sanderson, D. D., the genial and able editor of the *Treasury of Religious Thought*, made a pleasant call at this office last week.

—Rev. Hugh Montgomery and wife sailed from Liverpool, Sept. 2. He expects to occupy his own pulpit—the Central Church, Lowell—the 17th inst.

—Rev. L. A. Markham, of Kansas Conference, died at his home in Baldwin, Kan., Aug. 27, after a protracted illness resulting from a gripe, in his 62d year.

—Rev. Isaac Mann and wife will spend the fall and winter in Boynton, Va. He will have charge of the Boynton Institute and lecture in the theological department.

—The distinguished English evangelist, Mr. Henry Varley, has just arrived in Chicago, at the request of Mr. Moody, to assist in the evangelistic services now so successfully in progress.

—Rev. Dr. William Butler, who has been for some time at Ocean Grove, and who spoke while there on missions with much of his old-time vigor, returns to his home in Newton Centre this week.

—Rev. Peachy T. Wilson and wife, of the North Idaho Conference, arrived at New York on Sept. 2, their stay of several months in Scotland having fully restored Mr. Wilson's health. They have gone to Evanston, Ill.

—Rev. E. H. Hughes and wife, of Newton Centre, are greatly bereaved in the death of their infant daughter, Margaret.

—We have received a pleasant letter from Rev. H. B. Swarts, who has recently gone as a missionary to Japan. He is to be in Tokyo this next year in charge of the Gospel Society work there. His address is 15 Tsukiji, Tokyo.

—Rev. Thomas Scott, of Marysville, Kansas, a member of the Kansas Conference, is visiting old friends in New England. It is sixteen years since he left Boston for labor in that field under the advice of Bishop Gilbert Haven.

—Franklin Rand, of Milton, an honored member of the Wesleyan Association and a former publisher of *Zion's Herald*, has been absent some days very pleasantly in a visit to Saratoga, Albany, and other parts of New York.

—Mrs. Martha J. Sturtevant, of Boston, as a result of the article upon Morrissont Academy which appeared in last week's *Zion's Herald* from the pen of Rev. Frederick Burrill Graves, has sent him a gift of \$100 to be forwarded to Mr. Hill.

—Rev. J. B. Hykes, for twenty years one of our most efficient missionaries in Central China, has been appointed agent of the American Bible Society for China, in place of the late Dr. Wheeler. This is, in all respects, a very suitable appointment.

—John G. Woolley, the eminent temperance advocate, has been engaged by the Illinois Christian Endeavor Societies to work in the State for a year. He will speak in every part of the State, and will everywhere be earnestly aided by the young people and families and the churches.

—Rev. S. L. Gracy, D. D., and family expect to reach San Francisco the present month. They will remain on the Pacific coast during the fall and winter probably. Dr. Gracy expects to take work at the next session of the New England Conference. His address is 1037 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

—Rev. Dr. A. J. Palmer, of St. Paul's, New York, and Rev. Edwin A. Schell, general secretary of the Epworth League, have been invited to make addresses at the inaugural of Dr. Crawford as president of Allegheny College, in October. Dr. T. L. Flood, editor of the *Chautauque*, is chairman of the inaugural committee.

—President Lane and Hon. Alden Spauld are the delegates of the Boston Merchants' Association at the Sound Money Convention held this week in Washington. The Boston *Journal*, in making the announcement, observes: "Better representatives of our city's solid mercantile and financial interests could not have been selected."

—Dr. John Paton, of the New Hebrides, was in Canada during August, mainly in Eastern Ontario. He is now in Nova Scotia for a fortnight's missionary speaking, and will then return to New York, where he will spend a few days before sailing. A series of meetings has been arranged for him in Great Britain, beginning about Oct. 15.

—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left London last week for Scotland, and it is well understood that the Prime Minister will not be again seen in the House of Commons before adjournment. He has been advised that changed and entire rest are absolutely essential for him after the strain of the last six months, and Sir William Harcourt is to lead the House in the absence of his chief.

—Trumpet-major Henry Joy has died at Chiswick, England, in his 75th year. It was he who sounded the charge for the Light Brigade at Balaklava, all the other regimental trumpeters following him. He entered the army at the age of fourteen, and had been rewarded during his long and distinguished career with four medals and four clasps, besides receiving military and civil pensions.

—Prof. Blewett Lee, of Atlanta, Ga., has been secured by Northwestern University and will lecture on the subjects of "Equity, Personal Property, and Constitutional Law" at the Northwestern University Law School, Evanston, Prof. Lee has been a member of the faculty of the Atlanta Law School the last two years, lecturing upon the subjects of "Evidence, Equity, and Constitutional Law."

—The *Springfield Republican* of Sept. 6 contains the following pleasant personal mention:—

"Prof. and Mrs. William North Rice of Wesleyan University, Middletown, were in the city yesterday to visit their father, Rev. Dr. William Rice, and they returned last week from Europe where they have spent a year with their son Edward, in delightful travel, sight seeing and study. The son has been a student in the University of Berlin, and will continue his studies for the present in Munich."

—Rev. J. D. Pickles, of Trinity Church, Worcester, was urgently pressed to accept the principality of Geneva Wesleyan Seminary at L'Anse, N. Y. He is in many respects admirably qualified to succeed in the management of an educational institution; but his love for the pastorate and his loyalty to conviction constrained him to decline the position, and Rev. William R. Reese, A. M., of Wyoming Conference, pastor of Central Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa., was last week elected principal.

—Rev. Isaac Sherman, who was for several years a supply in the N. E. Southern Conference, laboring with marked success in a number of charges until failing health forced him to retire from public service some seven years ago, was struck by a passing train near his home in East Thompson, Conn., on Monday morning, from which he never rallied. He passed quietly away in his home on Monday at 2 A. M. The funeral services were held in the church, Rev. E. H. Tirrell and the pastor, Rev. L. H. Massey, officiating.

—The New York *Tribune* says that "Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, who was chosen president of the International Association of Sunday-school Workers, at St. Louis, is one of the best known men in that field in America. He is sixty six years old, and has been active in Sunday-school work for forty years. Mr. Miller is president of the Chautauque Assembly, and is a Methodist; he was chosen, in fact, in recognition of that denomination, in accordance with an unwritten law of rote."

—Mr. Henry Rice, the nephew of the late Dr. William Rice, has been elected to the further distinction of being the father-in-law of Thomas A. Edison.

—Rev. C. E. Bass, D. D., of Newport, R. I., sends the following interesting note:—

"The recent death of Rev. H. Yong Mi in China recalls to me the session of the Vermont Conference in 1864 at St. Johnsbury. Bishop Jones presided. On Saturday, April 16, the first question, 'Who are admitted on privileges of communion to the list of names appears H. Yong Mi. The Bishop informed the Conference that this was the first native Chinese convert ever admitted to the list of names. Immediately Rev. D. P. Hulburd arose and suggested that the Conference rise and sing the *Doxology* as an expression of receiving this brother into the Conference. Probably no one who was present has forgotten that moment."

—In 1872 Bro. H. was admitted to full membership in the Conference at Chelsea. At the session in Belvidere Falls in 1875 he was transferred to East Maine Conference. The Vermont Conference has since made not a little good history. The distinguished

honors of thus receiving H. Yong Mi and rejoicing in his fellowship for eleven years, is by no means one of the least honors of that Conference. And H. Yong Mi was worthy of a place with any body of Christian ministers."

—William Miller Vinton, the eldest son of Rev. Porter M. Vinton, died at his father's home in Pawtucket, R. I., on Sunday, Sept. 3, at the age of 28 years. The deceased was a young man of great promise and of exemplary Christian character. He had graduated with honor from Yale University, and was preparing for his chosen profession in the Law School of Boston University. He had been indisposed for several days, but no serious results were apprehended until within about three hours of his death. Brother and sister Vinton and the two younger brothers are in great sorrow, but are comforted by God.

—Rev. Gaetano Conti, who is endorsed in the highest terms by Dr. E. S. Stackpole and Sept. Vint, has been transferred by Bishop Vincent from Foggia, Italy, to Boston to labor under the auspices of the Boston Missionary and Church Extension Society. He arrived last week with his family. The management of the North End Mission has generously donated the use of their mission hall for this work. The first service was held there on Sunday afternoon, at which 135 Italians were present, and at the close of Mr. Conti's eloquent address they all came forward and gave him and his wife a hearty welcome to Boston. There are above 15,000 Italians in Boston and only one Protestant minister among them. Our Methodist City Missionary Society has been very sustained and heartily commended for its courage in securing such an able worker in this important field.

—H. P. Mann, of Cincinnati, sends the following sad announcement:—

"The sad news comes to me that my wife's father, Rev. Joseph Colby, died at his home in Gorham, Me., Wednesday. After many years' service as pastor in the Maine Conference and as presiding elder of every district, he died at the age of 72 years. He was a devoted laborer, and for two or three years has been in great feebleness and suffering—a direct result of overwork while chaplain in the army. His labors in the ministry have been signally blessed in the leading of many souls to Christ. While Father Colby has gone to receive a victor's crown, his death was a great loss to the church as well as to the family. In Father Colby's much read Bible there is written opposite many a promise: 'I and my Father will come and make our home with him who calls upon us.' With a full explanation of these, he said on that date that promise was tried and proved. Could the faithful hand once more turn to his favorite Psalm—the 23d—he could place opposite the fourth verse, 'T. and P., Sept. 6, 1893.'"

—One of the delegates from India to the Religions Congress at Chicago will cook and serve his own food while in this country. His name is Virchand A. Ganthe, a member of the Jain community in Bombay. William Phipps, representing the chairman of the general committee on the Religions Congress, who went to meet the Indian delegates, explained the arrangements made for Ganthe. "I have obtained permission," he said, "of the religious authorities, to allow him to cook his own food, to do his own cooking in the dining car. At Saratoga, where we stop a day, and in Chicago, I have asked that a small gas stove be supplied for his use. If Ganthe should eat any food cooked by any one but a Jain, or allow any other person to touch one of the dishes from which he eats, he would be a heretic to his religion. The native food is strictly vegetarian. He came near starving on his way to London because he could not get proper vegetarian food."

—Mention was made in last week's *HERALD* of the dangerous illness of Mrs. Belle S. Goodwin, of Malden. We are greatly pained to announce that she died Sept. 6. The immediate cause of her death was blood poisoning, the result of a critical operation. Mrs. Goodwin was in her 82d year, and leaves, to mourn their loss, a husband and a little daughter, parents, brothers, and a sister. She was always the picture of health, attractive, enthusiastic, cheerful, the idol of the little people, for whom she was ever planning interesting surprises in her original methods of conducting children's meetings. The announcement of her decease will be a violent shock and the occasion of profound grief to a large circle, who had come to know Mrs. Goodwin in her very efficient work in the churches in connection with the Junior Epworth Leagues. As president of the Jun Epworth League of New England her address at conventions and mass meetings were particularly pertinent, interesting and helpful. She was also president of the flourishing Junior League of Centre and Belmont Churches, Malden, where her sympathetic presence will be sorely missed. She seemed to be just the helper needed for this important department of the League work. Her loss at this writing appears almost irreparable.

We unite with the multitude who will tenderly sympathize with this stricken family, and who will pray that the richest consolations of Divine grace may be granted unto them.

—First Church, Bangor, tendered Mr. and Mrs. M. P. C. Withers a reception on the evening of September 7, in observance of their golden wedding. The evening was stormy, but a very large number were present to congratulate the honored couple and to evince their love and veneration. The pastor, Rev. J. M. Frost, presided, and was ably supported by competent committees. The decorations were peculiarly attractive. Several preachers were present, among them Revs. G. D. Lindsay, A. S. Ladd, Ammi Prinoe, W. D. Jewell, H. E. Foss, and Merrill C. Beale. After prayer by Mr. Lindsay, the Rev. Henry Rice, the nephew of the late Dr. William Rice, presented Mr. and Mrs. Withers with two costly easy chairs. Felicitous remarks were made by Messrs. Frost, Lindsay, Ladd and Jewell. Greetings from absent friends were read. These exercises were followed by a delightful social hour, during which hundreds personally spoke to the guests of the evening, both of whom, in a few choice words, expressed their love for the people and their appreciation of the touching tribute conveyed by their reception and valuable gifts. Bonifant refreshments still further added to the enjoyment of the evening. The whole affair was generously conceived and most beautifully carried out. Mrs. Withers (née Lucinda Lake Beale, daughter of Rev. Oliver Beale) has been a member of this church for sixty years, and Mr. Withers for the fifty years of his married life. Their labors have been unselfish and unceasing, and their influence gracious and helpful to a remarkable degree. It is small wonder that the people now rise up and call them blessed.

—We tender heartiest congratulations to Rev. Dr. William Rice and wife, of Springfield, who reach the golden anniversary of their marriage upon the 19th inst., the date of the publication of this issue of the *HERALD*. As a potent factor in our New England Methodism, reaching back to the days when it took on its heroic and aggressive stamp and was felt in its influence upon the entire denomination, Dr. Rice is, perhaps, without a peer. Though this anniversary is a reminder of long years of life, yet he has never grown old. A student by nature and habit, a discriminating lover of the truth, he has held to the old, and fearlessly appropriated and

uttered the new. His record as minister, reformer, theologian and litterateur, is pre-eminent. His work as city librarian in Springfield has been epochal, but as a friend and helper of his brethren in the ministry and in the church he is especially beloved. How that appreciation finds expression we shall report next week. Mrs. Rice has been the fitting companion and helpmate of such a man. In sympathy with him in all his studies and literary work, which she has closely shared, she has been the light and cheer of the home.

BRIEFLETS.

We are anxious that all of our Methodist people should see a copy of *Zion's Herald* containing the Announcement for 1894. Additional numbers will be sent free of charge to work in order to supply all demands for sample copies. They will be sent to the preacher-in-charge in packages, free of expense, or in single papers to individuals. It will aid greatly in securing new subscribers if ministers will at once order a supply of extra copies for distribution.

Our readers will find the 7th page especially varied and interesting. On the 21 page this week will be found the sermon of Dr. James Mudge, which we had promised to our readers. It is scholarly and Biblical, and breathes an excellent spirit.

For the purpose of more thoroughly specializing its course of instruction and giving unusual emphasis to practical topics and new methods of ministerial work, our Boston School of Theology adds to its faculty for the year about to open, twelve new lecturers, many of them, like the majority of the professors, successful former graduates of the School. Their names will be given later.

The alterations in North College, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., are nearly all completed. The cost is \$30,000, and the money was given by John Emory Andrews, one of the trustees.

We are very grateful for the many appreciative words that have come to us concerning our Prospectus for 1894, and especially that so many of our friends have already entered upon the canvass for new subscribers.

The School of Theology of Boston University will open for the year on Wednesday, Sept. 20, at 10 A. M. Dr. Daniel Steele will deliver the address. The matriculation day exercises occur three weeks later, on Oct. 11, when President W. P. Thirkield, of Atlanta, will give the annual address.

"The ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ," says Dr. Cuyler, "who not only draw their fellow-men around their pulpits, but draw souls to the Savior, are men who, like Spurgeon and Simpson and MacLaren and Newman Hall and Phillips Brooks and Moody and McNeill, have a clear conviction of vital spiritual truth and a firm courage in proclaiming it."

The Presbyterian missionaries in Korea include the Presbyterian Church, with ten men and eleven women; the Southern Presbyterian Church, three men and four women; the Australian Presbyterian Church, one man and eleven women, and two independent missionaries. These have organized themselves into a single advisory body to be known as the Presbyterian Council of Korea, with a view of becoming one Presbyterian denomination in that country.

The following note received from Rev. Thomas Tyrie, of Lawrence, is an encouraging word of appreciation, and makes a very practical and forceful suggestion to our ministers. Referring to our Prospectus, he writes:

"Can it be that you are going to give us that feast of fat things and not raise the price of the *HERALD*? I cannot understand how such a banquet can be furnished for \$2.50 a plate. Perhaps if the new Prospectus (the preachers) will each bring ten more of his friends than usual to the feast, the problem will be solved."

At Lsall Seminary for young women, Andover, some important changes have been made in the building during the present summer. Electric lighting has been introduced through the house, the old organ removed from the chapel, and a handsome 5-foot fire-place and mantle put in its place. The most important change in the personnel is the admission of irregular students. Beginning with this September, none such are admitted unless they are at least eighteen years old or have been graduated from a good high school.

The London Independent (Congregational) says:—

"Australian Methodists are wise enough to appreciate the work of Dr. E. W. Dale. The Minutes of their last Conference show that Dr. Dale's 'Nine Lectures on Preaching' forms a text book for fourth year probationers in the theological course, while his lecture on 'The Atonement' and his 'Epistles' appear in the list of books suggested for the guidance of the reading of probationers. We note, also, in the same list, Dr. Fairbairn's 'Studies in the Life of Christ,' Henry Rogers' 'Superhuman Origin of the Bible,' and Dr. Dale's 'Scriptural Sacrifice' and 'Inspiration of Scripture.'"

The Prohibition Convention, which was held last week in Worcester, was largely attended, and the proceedings were earnest and enthusiastic. Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D., of this city, was nominated for governor. Dr. Banks is too well known to our readers to need characterization in these columns. The balance of the ticket was as follows: For lieutenant governor, H. C. Smith, of Haverhill; secretary of state, Samuel B. Snappleigh, of Boston; treasurer, Wilbert D. Farnham, Jr., of Somerville; auditor, Alfred H. Evans, of Ashburnham; attorney-general, Robert F. Raymond, of New Bedford.

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, thus expresses his appreciation of the Methodist press:—

"A Bishop can go to some places; the weekly newspaper can go to every home; the preachers will introduce it. The pastor can make a visit now and then; his faithful coadjutor will go fifty-two times a year, 'harrowing in the seed that he sows, deepening the good impressions he has made. It is a sort of telephone by which all the family can converse with one another—a class-meeting led by the editor. By it the revival note struck in one place echoes in every part of our Methodism. The good word printed multiplies into a million of words. The weekly family religious newspaper is, next to the ministry, the most efficient agent in the work of evangelization in modern times."

At the recent Northfield Conference, President Gates, of Amherst, speaking of the unrest and longing for peace universal among men, said that he once asked Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, the missionary, "How did you find the consciousness of sin in India?" "I never but once heard a man deny the consciousness of sin. I took it for granted that they were sinners, and that they knew it; but once, as I was preaching, a Brahmin interrupted me, 'I deny your premises. I am not a sinner. I do not need to be better.' For a moment I was abashed. Then I said, 'But what do your neighbors say?'"

Thereupon, one cried out, 'He cheated me in trading horses'; another, 'He deceived a widow of her inheritance.' The Brahmin went out of the house, and I never saw him again."

The Family.

ACROSS THE STREAM.

MRS. H. A. HAWKINS.

Sometimes when I rise in the morning
And look across the stream,
So clear in the dimpling sunshine
Tae further green shores gleam,
It seems such a little distance
That bridges the narrow space,
We can almost grasp each other's hands,
And look in each other's face.

But again I rise in the morning,
A morning cold and gray,
When the fog hangs thickly over
The beautiful, sparkling bay;
And I see no other shore,
Though I strain my longing eyes,
Yet I know beyond the fog and mist
Are the fields of Paradise.

And I pray to be contented
When the clouds hang dark and low,
To walk by faith when the night grows dim,
And to trust where I may not know.
But no cloud will dim heaven's headlands,
And by sight, not faith, I'll see
In that beautiful, joyous morning
That will dawn some day for me.

Providence, R. I.

MOTHER'S HYMNS.

Hushed are those lips, their earthly song is ended;
The singer sleeps at last;
While I sit gazing at her arm chair vacant,
And think of days long past.

The room still echoes with the old-time music,
As, singing soft and low,
Some sweet, sweet hymn, the Christian's consolation,
She rocks her to and fro.

Some that can stir the heart like shouts of triumph
Of loud-toned trumpet call;
Bidding the people's hearts fall before Him,
And crown Him—Lord of all.

And tender notes, filled with melodious rapture,
That leaped upon His word,
Rose in strains of solemn, deep devotion,
"I love Thy kingdom, Lord."

Safe hidden in the wondrous "Rock of Ages,"
She neared the Father's throne;
Sure that her Lord would always gently lead her,
She read her heart to Him.

Joyful she saw "From Greenland's icy mountains"
The gospel light unfurl;
And knew by faith "The morning light is breaking"
Over a sinful world.

"There is a fountain"—how the tones triumphant
Rose in victorious strain,
"For with precious blood, for all the ransom,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Dear saint, in heavenly mansions long since folded,
Safe in God's fostering love,
She joins with rapture to the angelic chorus
Of those bright choirs above.

There, where no tears are known, no pain nor sorrow,
Safe beyond Jordan's roll,
She lives forever with her blessed Jesus,
The Lover of her soul.

—Boston Journal.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

O Thou, who all my life hast crowned
With better things than I could ask,
Be it today my humble task
To bow from deep of grief profound,
The many sins, which darken through
What little good I do!

—Alice Cary.

If bread daylight should never be yours
On this side the grave, He will hold your feet
In the twilight that they shall not stumble,
—F. W. Faber.

God makes crosses of great variety; He
makes some of iron and steel that look as if
they must crush; some of straw that seem so
light and yet are no less difficult to carry;
some He makes of gold and precious stones
that dazzle the eye and excite the envy of the
spectators, but in reality are as well able to
crucify as those which are so much dreaded.

—Fenelon.

Good deeds can never die. Death has no
dominion over them. He who performs them
wins for himself the power of endless life.
However obscure, however ignoble he may be,
however humble his service, he has opened a
fountain whose waters fall not. Like Al-
cibiades, which from its native lake flowed
through the salt sea fresh and sweet, and
bubbled up in the higher and wider lands of
the continent, so does this deed of yours,
this act of faith and grace and love, flow
from this little islet of time under the salt
sea of death and break forth in brightness
and refreshment on the boundless highlands
of eternity.

—Bishop Gilbert Haven.

Not wrath, dear Lord, Thy mercy seals.
Our own unrighteous hands
Hold back Thy shining chariot wheels,
And rob the willing lands.

For none shall walk in perfect white
Till every soul be clean;
So close for sorrow and delight
These human spirits lean.

But thou go forth and do thy deed,
In forest and in town,
Nor sigh for ease, while pain and need
Are pinching at thy gown.

And thus, when bitter terrors sweet,
And every heart is blest,
Perchance to thee God's hand shall mete
His unimagined rest.

—Katherine Lee Bates.

There is sadness around us everywhere, be-
cause we are living in a world which is full
of God, and yet does not see Him. Most of
us who think we see are more than half
blind. The sorrow is none the less real for
being an unconscious one. There are His
firm foundations beneath us, reaching up to
meet our wavering feet; there are His eternal
heavens above us, near and clear, beckoning
us upward; but we linger, crippled, lonely, and
dark, in our own shadows, beside the wide open
Beautiful Gate within which He waits for us
with His healing, comforting strength. It is
not always to be so. Life knows that her
Lord is near. She will arise and go forth to
meet Him.

"The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoling;
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,
And feel the heavenly Achemist
Transmute its very dust to gold."

Every now and then a conscience, among
the men and women who live easy, thought-
less lives, is stirred, and some one looks up
anxiously, holding up some one of the pretty
idlenesses in which such people spend their
days and nights, and says, "Is this wrong?
Is it wicked to do this?" And when they get
the answer, "No, certainly not wicked," then
they go back and give their whole lives up
to doing their innocent little piece of use-
lessness again. Ah! the question is not
whether that is wicked, whether God will
punish you for doing that. The question is
whether that thing is keeping other better
things away from you; whether behind its
little bulk the vast privilege and dignity of
duty is hid from you; whether it stands be-
tween God and your soul. If it does, then it
is an offense to you, and though it be your

right hand or your right eye, cut it off, pluck
it out, and cast it from you. The advantage
you will be not in its absence, for you
will miss it very sorely, but in what its loss
reveals, in the new life which lies beyond it,
which you will see stretching out and tempt-
ing you as soon as it is gone.

—Phillips Brooks.

In this world the great purpose is the de-
velopment of character. This is the school-
life. You and I are little scholars. And
when the almighty, all-wise Teacher is
speaking, the child should keep still. When
He appoints us hard lessons, we should learn
them. The mightiest lesson to be learned in
this world is to let God have His way. Your
brain and my brain are not big enough to
comprehend the mysteries of Divine Pro-
vidence; but your heart and my heart may
trust Him enough to say: I will submit! I
am silent! I open not my mouth because
Thou didst it!—Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D. D.

Love to God must show itself by love to
our neighbor. If we try to live on one table
of the Decalogue, or on one part of the Lord's
Prayer, we become like a boat with one
oar or a bird with one wing. If the hand be out-
stretched in supplication toward God, it must
also be opened in benefaction toward men.
There is great danger of partiality in our
choice of God's commandments. Many a
man practically says: "This commandment
harmonizes with my taste; therefore, I shall
perform it. That one does not; therefore I shall
neglect it. This one is in line with my social
relations; that one is not. I shall obey the
one and neglect the other. This one is es-
sential to salvation; I shall perform it. That
one is not; therefore I shall neglect it." Such
an attitude as this is unworthy of a true
Christian man. He never asks, How little
can I do and be saved? He simply inquires,
"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

—R. S. MacArthur, D. D.

The kingdom has always come through
the faith of the consecrated few. Great in-
stitutions and organizations have nearly all
come to plant themselves squarely
across the march of the divine purposes. By
the consecration of single souls, and small
groups of souls, has righteousness been in-
creasing with the ages. By the few listen-
ing spirits have God's great thoughts been
spoken; and the few obedient lives have
wrought the heavenly doing of His will in the
earth's epochal hours. The race has entered
its holier eras of wider freedom and purer
justice at the heels of humble and patient
souls whom it soiled while it followed. It is
the majesty of simple goodness in single
characters that reveals God in converting and
conquering power to the world. By no other
organization than the fellowship which each
man finds while walking the path of obedi-
ence to the will of God can the world be
altogether overcome, and the dream of world-
wide brotherhood become an eternal fact.

"If the single man," says Emerson, speaking
according to the gospel, "plant himself in
domitantly upon his divine instincts, and
there abide, the huge world will come round
to him."—George D. Herron, D. D.

IN THE KINGDOM OF PATIENCE.

MRS. C. F. WILDER.

JOHN had been groaning for days with
toothache. I had urged the extraction
of the tooth, but the excuses for not having
it done showed the inventive genius of an
Edison. One evening he sat, with feet on his
foot-rest, face bowed into his hands, groan-
ing over his sufferings like "a sick girl,"
when I begged permission to read a few lines
from a book that is a great favorite of mine.

For consent I obtained only a deeper
groan. But, like a doctor who feels it his
duty to probe a wound, or like a minister so
wrought upon by the spiritual needs of his
people that he musters courage to point his
finger and say, "Thou art the man," I be-
gan:

"When you see a Christian suffer well,
smiling in a spirit of unassuming patience,
so that his family need not suffer with him or
his wife and children agonize over the same
pain, such an one always proves a blessing
by his power to move you to better purposes
of life. You long to be like him as he is
like Christ. If you, who read or hear this,
have not this patience, it must be plain to you
that for want of it your character is all dis-
order and confusion. There can be nothing
of genuine greatness about you if you are
without the virtue of patience. You begin to
reign the moment you begin to suffer
well either poverty, sickness, toothache,
losses, treacheries, misrepresentations, per-
secutions, or any physical pain. When you
groan and writhe under pain or sorrow or
loss, then you are like a slave under the lash
of a master. It is easy to be benevolent or
beneficent; it is easy to do and admire the
right act, but to bear pain or trouble or evil,
and be patient, that is the hard part."

"Now, Caroline, how much of that is in the
book, and how much do you make up as you
read?" asked John, lifting his flushed face.

For reply I passed him the book, and went
to the dining-room to see that the sufferer
had for supper an unusually excellent cup of
tea.

The next day I was reading in that fifth
chapter of Matthew, and as I read over the
Beatitudes, to my surprise I found that the
preacher to my husband was not herself
within the kingdom of patience. I wonder
how many Christians have entered therein.
There is really nothing which so draws us
to Christ and Christianity as the sweet pa-
tience of one of His suffering ones; yet when
the angel of pain and heart-ache comes to us,
it is the hardest burden we are called to
carry. I wonder if that is why Christ taught,
first, "Blessed are the meek," "Blessed are
the poor in spirit."

The other day I said to one of the Lord's
martyrs and saints, on what he supposes
is his death-bed, is testing his willing-
ness to suffer God's will, "I have offered
what may be a selfish prayer in regard to my
life-work. But, you know, Paul tells us to
covet the best gifts."

"Do you remember what else Paul says?"
replied the saint, turning his bright eyes
toward me and trying to smile, that I need
not see the pain he was suffering. Never be-
fore came the thought of what Paul meant
by "the more excellent way" he would
show to those who coveted the power and
ability to do.

The seeking and the doing are easy. We
can readily learn the way into the kingdom
of works; but, oh! the paradox—a kingdom
of patience!

Every shade of meaning in that word pa-
tience or meekness expresses what the nat-
ural man refuses to have become a part of his
character, and it takes a long time for us
to learn that no one but a God would have in-
culturated in His doctrines a spirit of meekness
—patience.

It is comparatively easy to fight if we would

reign. But to simply endure for the sake of
entering into a kingdom—to most of us this
is the experimentum crucis.

We can, in the great trials of life, sometimes
see God's hand, sometimes realize that He
directs the steps. We learn to bow to His
will in the death of a child, a loved one, or
the loss of a fortune. But that we are to be
submissive, meek, patient, while enduring
twinges of neuralgia pain or in the loss of a
shirt button—we never thought!

When our darling died we said, "Thy will
be done." We summoned all our fortitude
to endure a sickness caused by the effort to
save a human life. But when the nose of
our choice majolica pitcher vanished in the
hands of a careless servant, or there came
twinges of neuralgia caused by a draft in the
loose or in church—why, that was another
matter!

What? Does not everything that comes to
us, even though allowed to come by the
wickedness or heedlessness of another, come
from God? And every pain or sorrow, even
though caused by our own ignorance or an-
other's mistake or sin, is allowed by God to
work out in us some good, some discipline.
And if we can be patient in the little trials
we daily meet, are we not on a higher plane
in the spiritual life than we should be if pa-
tient only in those places where the act would
excite the attention or admiration of the
world around us? It would require much less
piety for the average Christian to go to the
stake and be burned than it does to go
through a life-time of the smoke and smudge
some have to endure.

Now, John is a saint of the first order, but
he has begun to wear us all out with his
toothache, and it has only been his burden
for a few days. But just think of some
"John" or "Caroline" having an ache of
some sort and making the whole family en-
dure the same ache for not only a week, or a
month, or a year, but for a lifetime! I know
a daughter who bore her mother's neuralgia
pains for thirty years! "Martyrdom?"
What is a quick fire, Christ in the pain, an
admirer world to look on, and endless glory,
compared to the slow fire, blisters, burns,
smoke, smudge, nagging, groaning, complain-
ing, tied to one home and a fretful invalid
for thirty years, and heaven only in sight at
a far distance? Oh! the martyrs are not all
dead!

Yet we talk about doing God's will! How
easy to do! How hard to suffer! For whom
of us is it a pleasant path that leads into the
kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ?

Manhattan, Kan.

ABOUT WOMEN.

—Miss V. V. Dodge, of Washington, D. C., is
one of the best known of the American archaeo-
logists. She has just returned from a several years
journey of investigation in South America, where
she has made many wonderful discoveries relating
to the life of the old prehistoric races.

Jonny Lind's private car was one of the first
to be used in this country, and in the days when
he was singing here it attracted a great deal of attention.
It was only an ordinary car, which she hired, and
from which she had the seats removed, fitting it up
with her own luxurious household furniture.

—Mrs. Harriet Strong, of Whittier, California,
last year raised 2,000,000 plumes of the beautiful
pampas grass used in decoration, and sold them nearly
all. One million adorn the buildings of the
World's Fair, and she exported 600,000 to Europe.
Mrs. Strong is said to be the first person to grow
these pampas plumes extensively in North America.
Formerly they all came from South America.

—Miss Mary Proctor, the daughter of the late
Professor Richard A. Proctor, is making arrange-
ments to give a series of lectures on astronomy for
children all over the country during the coming sea-
son. The course consists of three lectures for chil-
dren, entitled "The Globins in Starland," "The
Stories of the Stars," and "Giant Sun and His Fam-
ily." She will also deliver a lecture specially ad-
apted for normal schools, on "How to Teach As-
tronomy to Children."

—Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge, the novelist, re-
cently passed her seventieth birthday. She has given
largely of the income derived from her more than
twenty novels to church objects; thus £2,000, the
profits of her "Daisy Chain," went to the building
of a mission church in Auckland, New Zealand,
and a great part of the proceeds of "The Heir of
Redclyffe" was devoted to the fitting out of the mis-
sionary schooner "Southern Cross" for the use of the
late Bishop Selwyn.

—Toward the close of a religious convention
held not long since a prominent "brother" arose
and said that, while not waiting to find fault or
complain in any way, yet he did wish—and he felt sure
that many others would agree with him—that women
could contribute to speak a little louder in public.
It so happened that the "brother" himself was not
overlaid in voice, and at this juncture in his dis-
course a woman, who was sitting at the extreme
other end of the hall, put her hand to her ear,
and in clear, distinct tones, that could be heard
in every part of the building, called out: "Will
the brother please speak a little louder? We can't
quite hear what he says."

—Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, the well-known writ-
er and editor of *Romance*, spends her summers in the
Berkshire Hills, in the little village of Charlemont,
where her childhood was passed. She is the idol of
the town, and deservedly so, for it owes several of
its prominent advantages to her devotion and ener-
gy. She assisted in the founding of a town library,
built a sidewalk from the town to the station a mile
away, established a village improvement association
and lecture courses, and has labored enthusiastically
to provide the village with a town hall, where enter-
tainments may be enjoyed. Yet she has no vote in
the town meeting.—*Woman's Journal*.

FROM "AN IDLER'S NOTE-BOOK."

THE most deserted street was dust-gray in the
hot twilight. It was a fashionable thorough-
fare, and most of the houses were closed and board-
ed; the gritty sand had drifted into the corners of
the unused steps. A sultry wind breathed and died;
and as it woke, little eddies of dust woke with it,
and with it languidly fell. The sky was a dull
drab-gray, promising neither rain nor coolness; the
twilight was starless; the city almost still.

Here and there, at their open windows, a few
stay-at-homes sat, fanning themselves apathetically
and idly surveying the passers by. At one of the
windows a pale little lass sat in her father's arm;
her gold hair against his breast. The passers-by
were few and moved silently. On one side of the
way, a woman heavily veiled in the craze that op-
presses the eyes and the hearts of those who see it;
on the other, the most cheering things in all the
prosperity—a lad and a lass, so evidently on their
wedding journey that a flag and a fanfare of trump-
ets could not have announced that agreeable fact
more triumphantly. They move with a light if pur-
posely tread, their russet shoes keeping rhythmic
accord; both wear broad-brimmed sailor hats,
pushed back a bit from their faces so glad with
youthful years; their low, pleasant laughter is like a
gift of roses to the air hour.

There turns the corner a somewhat motley group

of street musicians, at sight of whom, nevertheless,
there is an interested and expectant stir among the
stay-at-homes at windows; the little invalid lass sits
erect, clapping her hands for pleasure and looking
delightfully up for her father to share her glee.
The married lovers frankly wait for the coming concert,
seating themselves on the doorsteps of a shut-up
house; he dusting a step for her with his handker-
chief, she with martyrly severity avoiding him for
such reckless uncleanliness. Even the sad woman in
the mourning veil turns at the street corner and, in-
stead of going on, walks slowly back.

They are, as has been said, a motley group, the
street musicians; stout and thin, short and tall, in
queer hats and coats varying from a shiny-seamed
waiver's jacket to a clerical looking linen "duster";
their single point of uniformity the exceeding black-
ness of their good-humored faces. Their instru-
ments are as conglomerate as themselves—a basso, a
cello, a cornet, a violin.

And there rises on the air the magic spell of music;
and there is neither dust nor sultriness nor loneliness
any more in that deserted city street; but at the
music's call old thoughts come back, old faces smile
out of the dusk, old days are quick and alive again.
The eyes mist, that they may be clear for visions;
the soul dissolves and is no more in the dimming light
of long, long dreams. Is there anything on earth so
plaintive as a Negro's voice? They sing as nature
sings—a tone as wild as the sea's song on barren
coasts, as sad as the night wind's song on lonely
mountains; as sweet as the bushing brook's song in the
summer noon; as homely as the song one's own
heart sings, when the heart fire burns and dear
faces smile across its light. And the visions these
songs wake vary, as the hearts vary whose depths
they stir.

"When de cotton-pickin' 's ober,
An' de long day done"—

they sing. And, for one of the window stay at
homes, the sky is no longer gray, but the strange,
pathetic, luminous violet of the far, hot South. The
dead pines reach up gaunt, white shapes, like
wrecked masts from the darkening sea of the wire
grass. Night swoops down with a fit as sudden as
that of some dark, wide-winged bird. The violen-
sky deepens and darks; great softly-glimmering stars
come out. The cry of an owl, the bark of a fox,
sound eerily from afar. Through the heavy sand of
the one highway tramp the Negroes, homeward
bound. There is a swifter beat, as of a galloping
horse; a stalwart figure, his arm across his saddle-
bow, his faithful old dog trotting cheerily beside
him, comes up the forest way—Old friend! Old friend!
Soon we may sing indeed—

"When de cotton-pickin' 's ober,
An' de long day done"—

But where are the hoof-beats of your horse, for
which I have listened long and vainly, on this our
world's highway?

—When shall I hear de bees a-hummin',
All round de comb?
When shall I hear de banjo tumblin',
Down in de dear ol' home?

—they sing; and—
"By 'n' by hard times come a-knockin' at de do',
So my ol' Kentucky home, good night!"

—they sing; and—
"Now I'm a-weary an' a-weepin',
Cayn't tote de cotton any mo';
Last night when Nellie was a-sleepin',
Death came a-knockin' at de do'!"

—they sing; and last of all—it is quite dusk now,
but the audience lingers still—they sing a quaint
minor lull, which, like the words it lifts, are sad or
gay, as the listening hearts give their echo back.

"For many things may happen in a year!"
—That is the little song's refrain. And as they
listen, the lovers, rising from the dusty doorsteps,
smile at each other, remembering what wondrous
things have "happened in a year;" and the woman
in the mourning veil draws in her heavy drapery
closer, and beneath it her hand goes upward to dry
her tears; and the father looks down at the fragile
face that seeks life so weakly against his breast,
and presses it closer, beneath his tender hand, as
though to hide it safe and sure, from those terrible,
terrible "many things" that may happen in a year.

They have reaped their little harvest of silver, and
their departing footsteps echo down the silent street.
But the dreams they have summoned do not so easily
pass.—JUDITH LIND, in *Boston Commonwealth*.

BY THE ROADSIDE.

The highway winds 'twixt straggling fences on;
With here and there the grateful shade of trees;
Wild grape-vines over run the hush and strong,
And, hovering o'er them, the laborious bees.

The buckwheat fields, white for the harvest now,
Dance in the sunshine of the passing car;
The stubble fields are full of noisy crows,
The blackbirds' martial ranks whirl on their way.

The orchards, hung with ready apples, flank
The wide farm-houses sleeping in the sun;
The milked barrels are thick on every side,
The windmills on their helpful errands run.

In the rich pastures graze the comely sheep;
The satiate cows lie north the wide armed trees;
Horses, admiring all-abounding life,
Run jocosely, and snuff the cooling breeze.

The yellow sunflower flaunts by every fence,
The purple mints emit its pungent spice;
The milked barrels are thick on every side,
The windmills on their helpful errands run.

The graceful arbutus all the plain;
With here and there the grateful shade of trees;
The while, in unimagined silence,
Or all the land flames out the golden rod.

The blazing sunbush sets the world on fire;
Its crimson waves break on each cresting hill;
The rarer gentian opens its fringed cup,
And nodding o'er the evening picture still.

—HATTIE TYNO GRIFFIN, in *Christian Register*.

Little Folks.

AUNT SUE'S CLUB.

KATE R. GATES.

THERE certainly never were three more
forlorn-looking children than Mollie,
Ted and Daisy Miller. They had come up to
grandma's to spend the summer, while papa
took mamma away for a good rest to see if
she could not get well and strong again after
her long sickness.

The children thought at first that it would
be fine fun to go visiting alone like grown-up
folks, without even sister Bertha to take care
of them, for she had been away from home
twenty-four hours they were as homesick as
could be!

"It will never be fall, never!" said Mollie,
disconsolately.

"Well, I know one thing," replied Ted,
positively; "if it ever is, and I get home
again, I'll stay there, you see I don't."

"Oh, dear!" said Daisy, almost sobbing,
"it does seem as if I couldn't live all summer
without seeing mamma and papa and Bertha."

Grandma and Aunt Sue looked on in dis-
may.

"Something must be done," said Aunt Sue
the morning of the third day. The children
had hardly eaten a mouthful of breakfast,
and were sitting listlessly on the piazza, not
even trying to amuse themselves.

"Something must be done at once," she
said, decidedly.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later she ap-
peared on the piazza.

"I've been thinking," she said as brightly

as possible, "that we might have a club this
summer."

The faces of the disconsolate trio bright-
ened a little. A club might be interesting;
it sounded grown up and important, any way.

"When I was in the city last winter," con-
tinued Aunt Sue, "I was quite interested in
two or three little clubs or societies in Uncle
Will's Sunday-school. Some of them had ten
members and some only five. Each club had
some special work. I remember one class
called themselves 'Tommy's Help-
ers,' because they were trying to earn enough
to send a little lame boy named Tommy to a
hospital where the doctor thought he could
cure him. Wasn't it nice?"

"Splendid!" answered the three all to-
gether.

"Do you know any lame boy we could
get cured, and how could we earn the
money?"

Aunt Sue thought away very hard and ear-
nestly for a few minutes, then her face light-
ened up.

"I have it!" she exclaimed, delightedly.
"I know just the very thing for us to do.
There is a Mrs. Mason who lives in the vil-
lage and does sewing for people. She has a
little blind girl eight years old. She cannot
be cured, poor little thing, for she has lost
both her eyes, and has nothing but glass
eyes; but how nice it would be if we could
help send her to a school for blind children,
where she could learn to do so many things.

I know her mother feels very badly because
she cannot afford to send her. Why cannot
we try and see what we can do?"

"O auntie, you are some like mamma; she
is always thinking of nice things for us to
do," said Mollie. "How can we earn the
money?"

"That is the question. Now suppose we
all put up on our thinking caps today and report
here after tea tonight."

"I don't believe we could ever earn enough
to do any good," said Ted.

"We can't tell until we try," replied Aunt
Sue; "and if we don't try, we certainly will
not earn anything. Now you each see if you
cannot think of something you can do."

Aunt Sue went into the house then, leav-
ing the children in eager consultation.

"I guess, as Aunt Martha used to say, I've
undertaken a great undertaking," she said to
grandma. "Can you tell me how I can earn
some money? We are going to send poor
little Libbie Mason to the Blind Institute."

Grandma looked up in speechless astonish-
ment, and Aunt Sue laughed.

"It does sound big, doesn't it? But you
know you never can tell until you try how
much you can do. It came to me like an in-
spiration to start. It is work for the Lord,
I think, and somehow I feel sure that He
will help it along."

Out on the piazza the children were dis-
cussing ways and means with more enthusi-
asm than they had felt over anything since
they came. First of all, they each shut
their eyes and tried to imagine what it must
be to live in the dark.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mollie, "it must be
dreadful! There! I'll tell you, Ted, I know
what you can do. I've just thought. Grand-
pa said this morning he must see if he
couldn't get John Burns to pick peas for
him. He would just as soon pay you, I
know."

Ted hesitated a little; he did not like to
work quite as well as he did to play.

"'Twould be kind of hard work when it
was hot," he said.

"Well, it wouldn't be as hard as it is to
be blind, would it?" cried Mollie, indig-
nantly. "And mamma says boys mustn't
be afraid to do hard things if they want to
grow up good men like papa, always helping
somebody."

It was Ted's highest ambition to be just
like papa. "I'll do it," he said decidedly.
"If grandpa will let me. Now what are you
going to do?"

"I can't think. I'll have to ask grandma
about me and Daisy, I guess. Let's go in
and talk with her."

They found her in the kitchen alone, shell-
ing peas, but while they were helping her
and talking the matter over, Aunt Sue came
out with an odd little twinkle in her eyes.

"I've found my work, and some for you
girls if you want. There is a lady here to
see if we will take her and her two children
to board. Now grandmother says I may
have what I can make; and do you girls
want to wash and wipe the dishes if I will
pay you?"

It was Mollie's turn to look sober. She did
so hate doing dishes. Why couldn't people
ever do good without having to do the things
they hated most? But then, how glad Libbie
Mason would probably be

A SPECIAL OFFER —TO— New Subscribers FOR THE YEAR 1894.

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A. S. WEED, Publisher,
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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, September 5.

Between 15,000 and 18,000 men march in the Labor parade in this city.

Bishop and Mrs. F. D. Huntington, of the diocese of Central New York, celebrate their golden wedding.

The Grand Army of the Republic meets in annual convention in Indianapolis.

Set speeches in the Senate by Messrs. Callom and Coke on the Silver question.

A case of cholera in Belfast, Ireland.

The first Pan-American Medical Congress convenes in Washington.

Siam to have three months in which to comply with the conditions imposed by France.

Confirmatory tidings of the death of Emin Pasha.

New York's day at the World's Fair; great festivities.

Cardinal Gibbons opens the Catholic Congress in Chicago.

Wednesday, September 6.

Arrest of Broker Hathaway of Fall River on a charge of forgery.

Lieut. Peary and party land in Falcon Bay, Greenland.

Emma Goldman, the anarchist, indicted in New York city.

Death of John S. Dwight, the venerable musical critic.

Grand parade of the Grand Army in Indianapolis; 25,000 in line.

Home Rule debate opened in the House of Lords.

Premium on currency ceases in New York; the banks paying out cash freely.

Thursday, September 7.

Henry M. Whitney resigns the presidency of the West End system of street railways in this city.

A splendid plot to wreck a train near Wallingford, Vt.; one sleeper smashed, but no one injured.

Capt. J. G. B. Adams elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army.

A private steamer of the Chinese coast of Penang captured by pirates; 24 men put to death, 15 seriously injured, two American women taken into captivity, and \$20,000 in cash seized.

Funeral of Col. Jerome Bonaparte at Beverly.

The National House adopts a code of rules.

Thousands of unemployed resuming work.

Friday, September 8.

Two trains on the Pennsylvania road collide at full speed, near Coleridge, Ind.; 12 dead and a score more or less injured.

Death of Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State under Grant.

Beverly accepts its city charter by a large vote.

The Brazilian navy revolts, and blockades Rio de Janeiro.

Bank Cashier Kent, who embezzled the funds of the Illinois bank, sentenced to ten years in jail.

Thirty different districts in Russia now afflicted with cholera.

Richard Bates, of Newton, killed on the street at night by coming in contact with a live electric wire.

Saturday, September 9.

The House of Lords rejects the Home Rule bill by a vote of 428 to 42.

Several mills in different parts of the country resume work.

A vein of silver discovered in Malden.

Hon. Josiah Quincy, Assistant Secretary of State, resigns.

English miners in Yorkshire pillaging and burning.

Brazil's army remains loyal to President Peixoto; the insurrection spreading.

Bicentennial exercises at Honolulu to Hawaii is A. S. Willis, of Kentucky.

More bomb throwing in Spain.

A tornado devastates the town of Lockport, La., killing six persons and injuring many.

—Cholera spreading in Constantinople; 18 deaths there.

—The Cunarder "Campania" makes a new record from Sandy Hook to Queens-town—5 days, 14 hours, 55 minutes.

—"Baby Ruth" has a sister, the first child of a President born in the White House.

—The "Newark" ordered to Rio, where martial law has been proclaimed.

Monday, September 11.

—The Chinese must go; the U. S. marshal at Los Angeles, Cal., ordered to enforce the Geary law.

—Rioters loot the municipal buildings and mayor's house in Santander, Spain.

—One man dead, and several ill, from mistaking toothpicks for mushrooms, at West Farms, N. Y.

—A dozen or more derelicts threaten danger along the Atlantic coast.

—Liberia asks this country to protect her against French encroachment on her soil.

—Rockland, Mass., suffers from a fire; loss, \$50,000.

—The Vatican to investigate the opposition to Mgr. Satolli in this country.

—Queen Victoria advises Gladstone to appeal to the country, now that the Lords have rejected Home Rule.

—The autumn army manoeuvres in Germany come to an end.

—The total attendance at the World's Fair last week, 1,119,689—more than the total in the month of May.

THE LABOR CONGRESS IN CHICAGO.
(Continued from Page 1.)

black flag of anarchy and riot! You have failed to solve the question. We in Kansas can do it. The byrds head of slavery dare not raise on the sunburnt plains of Kansas, for the spirit of John Brown still lives, and will overcome such oppression. You may starve and club your laborers here in Chicago. That way of doing business is not to be tried in free Kansas.

Her denunciation of "plutocracy and its plutocratic press" was almost savage, and she was sufficiently forgetful of the proprieties of the occasion to dip into politics in this way:—

"You men had a chance to escape from this miserable condition of things. Last fall you should have voted for the friend of liberty, for the friend of the poor, who was the platform, but you voted for your Harrison and your Cleveland, and now see what such action has brought you to. It is a fit retribution. Go home and attend to the babies, and we women will do the duty you have not the courage to perform."

But there were many very excellent things said in the congress. The rant and the wild-eyed agitator were not in the majority by any means. The criticism that finds expression in inflammatory speech is usually so weak that it incites pity for the critic who advances it. The audience enjoyed the speech from the Kansas representative, but not much of it performed the solid work of conviction. Prof. R. T. Ely of the State University of Wisconsin, read a paper on "Public Ownership of Agencies to Supply Public Needs." His treatment of this interesting and vital subject was masterful. He made a strong plea in behalf of government ownership of telegraphs, railways, canals, harbors, gas works, telephones, irrigation works, street-car lines, and so on. He said:—

"The policy which in the United States has heretofore been pursued with respect to these undertakings has been to turn them over to private corporations, and to encourage attempts at competition. The results of the policy are now clearly manifest. As these enterprises of business are non-competitive, every attempt to force competition upon them means a waste of a great amount of capital and labor. A second result of this policy is the enormous inequality of fortunes in the United States. A large proportion of our mammoth fortunes can be traced to this false policy. Had the public owned these private property, the fortunes of the few would have been a still larger number of millions, and the property of the masses would have been a still larger number of millions. The result of this policy is the growth of artificial monopolies, and a fourth is seen in the dependence of the rest of the community upon those who furnish services or commodities of the kind which fall under the designation, 'natural monopoly.' With respect to these undertakings it is not a question as to whether we shall have private competition or not, but only a question whether we shall have private or public monopoly, and public monopoly is preferred to irresponsible private monopoly."

He also endeavored to show that government ownership would tend to steadyness of industrial development; would insure superior protection to life and limb, and greater freedom to the employed.

Prof. Ely's paper was a natural introduction to Mr. Henry George, who was received with cordial demonstrations. Mr. George spoke on "Labor and Taxation." Like the good Baptist preacher who inevitably discussed the subject of baptism in every sermon, Mr. George, before he had proceeded far into his speech, found himself discussing the land question with all his old-time fervor, and, of course, he made it clear—or endeavored to do so—that the labor question will not be settled until the land question has been rightly attended to. He said:—

"At the bottom of this whole social difficulty we find the land question. The reason that wages are low in the high industrial cities is that labor which proposes to apply itself directly to land is forced to pay a premium for the use of the land itself. Therefore the labor question cannot be solved until you open the land to labor. You can do nothing in the way of raising the wages of men who work for others until you raise the wages of men who work for themselves in the most primitive occupations—the application of labor direct to land. In this way we can prevent speculation in land values, by speculators and monopolists, so that the man who holds a specially valuable piece of land will pay to the community in proportion to the value of that land. If we do that, then it is profits no one to get land for the purpose of holding it and getting a return for the mere holding of it, which produces nothing. We want to take public revenue from this unearned increment in land. It is in the nature of things that land values increase with the growth of population and the advance of civilization. That can be seen everywhere. This increased value given to land from the growth of society should be taxed for public purposes in the same degree as we have the solution of how to open land to labor. If this tax were placed on land, no man would want a piece of land who could not use it, and the mere land owner, that utterly useless animal, would cease to exist."

One session was devoted to the interests of the Negro laborer, and addresses were made by Mr. Booker T. Washington, president of Tuskegee Industrial Institute of Alabama, Mr. Frederick Douglass, Miss Ida Wheeler, a teacher among the colored people of the South, and several others. The Indian had his friend and a hearing, and nearly every phase of the present

condition of the workingman received consideration. Sunday the Hall of Washington was crowded to hear addresses by Archbishop Ireland, Rev. John Brown, of Fall River, Mass., Rev. John P. Coyle, of North Adams, Mass., Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, and Rev. W. P. D. Bliss, of Boston, discuss the general subject of "The Church and the Labor Movement." It is probably true that no gathering in recent years has done so much to stimulate interest in the workingman and his cause as has this Congress of Labor.

Chicago, Ill.

THE CONFERENCE.
(Continued from Page 1.)

Wright, of Whitesville, who was pastor of the church here thirty-five years ago, that being his second pastorate. Business affairs suddenly changing during the late civil war resulted in scattering the members broadcast, which had continued but a few years. After the sermon a letter was read from Rev. F. T. George, who succeeded Mr. Wright as pastor of the church. It contained very pleasant reminiscences of those early times. A brief address was given by the presiding elder, explanatory of the motives that led him to inaugurate this movement and of the work which they desired to accomplish. He then proceeded to organize the church. A board of stewards, board of trustees and standing committees were elected. A class leader was also appointed. The church now has a membership of nearly forty persons. The pulpit is supplied by Rev. W. J. Kelley, who is entering heartily into the work of this new and important field. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and potted plants. Good singing was furnished by the choir. The services made a fine impression upon the audience and community. The presiding elder has done himself great credit in looking up this field and establishing the church here under such promising conditions.

Much interest is manifested in the coming of Rev. W. H. Maynard, the "blind man eloquent," to lecture in Providence and other parts of New England late in September and early in October. Already Rev. J. S. Wadsworth, of Phoenix, has succeeded in making a large number of engagements for him. His due culture and exceptionally superior ability as an orator will win for him a wide hearing. He is to lecture in Providence under the auspices of all the Methodist Episcopal churches, Sept. 27, the proceeds to be devoted to some general benevolence. The lecture will be given in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Rev. J. E. Fischer, formerly a member of our Conference, but now a member of the Southern California Conference, has been preaching in Wickford three Sundays for the pastor, Rev. D. L. Brown, while the latter has been enjoying a much needed vacation. Bro. Fischer would be glad to supply for any of the brethren or to assist in evangelistic services. God's work in this village in this young church is moving on successfully, and we are glad to know it; at the health of the pastor is steadily improving.

At Hull Rev. F. J. Follansbee is having a good time in helping sinners to God, and also in reducing the debt on the parsonage. A fine concert has just been given by first class talent in the hall of the Corinthian Yacht Club, which netted the church \$75. The artists, who are well known in Hull and Boston, gave their services; the Yacht Club gave the use of their hall, and the Nantasket Steamboat Company transported the Knave piano without cost. The entire affair originated with and was under the direction of Mr. E. W. Tyler, dealer in pianos at 178 Tremont St., Boston, who furnished free the Knave Grand for the occasion. By a circular letter nearly \$200 have been obtained. It is expected that in a short time \$500 will be secured for this worthy purpose. A few months since, when the parsonage was purchased, \$500 were paid down. The new house has been supplied throughout with the necessary furniture, which is nearly paid for. We submit that this is a remarkably good showing for a church of eighteen members, twelve of whom are women. Good audiences attend, and current expenses are paid up to date. Five persons have recently sought the Lord.

Much sympathy is felt for Rev. Porter M. Vinton, of Pawtucket, whose son, William M. Vinton, died suddenly at the parsonage, Sept. 3, aged 28 years. He had been residing in Lynn, where he was engaged in the study of law. He was the son of a well-to-do family, and his death was a great loss to his family and to the church. He was a young man of much promise, and his death is a very severe blow to his afflicted parents.

Brockton and vicinity.

South St.—The pastor, Rev. G. W. Hunt, spent his vacation at Cottage City. The largest congregation ever seen at a regular Sunday morning service greeted him the first Sunday in this month. There have been two conversions, 3 received on probation, and 8 into full connection.

Central Church.—On the afternoon of Sept. 3, the pastor, Rev. F. P. Parkin, addressed the People's Reform Club of that city. The evening meeting was given up to relating vacation experiences. It was an interesting service. Sept. 3, 2 were received on probation and 3 into full membership.

North Boston.—Pastor C. N. Hinckley spent his vacation on Yarmouth camp ground. Sunday, Sept. 3, he preached the third sermon in his series on "Our Lord's Discourses," to an unusually large congregation. The church is full of hope for the fall and winter.

Ochestr.—Instead of enjoying a vacation, the pastor, Rev. Robert Clark, has spent the summer doing double works of friendship, love and mercy. For five weeks he watched day and night beside his sick wife, preaching every Sunday to his own people, and in addition applying for some brother who was enjoying his vacation. We are glad to note that Sister Clark is now slowly recovering.

South Braintree.—The church has been blessed with a glorious revival. More than thirty have sought the Lord, and most have found Him. The pastor, Rev. S. E. Ellis, delivered an address at the Labor Day convention at Rockland.

West Abington.—Sept. 3 closed a three weeks' revival, in which the pastor, Rev. A. B. Williams, was assisted by a band of the Christian Crusaders. The work of the Crusaders was in every sense efficient and commendable. Twenty-five have been converted. Sept. 3, 10 united with the church on probation. One of them was a mother and child, whose snow-white hair and trembling limbs showed that she would soon be a full member of the church triumphant.

Holbrook.—In the absence of the pastor, Rev. J. N. Geisler, Rev. A. B. Williams sup-

plied the pulpit, to the pleasure and profit of the people.

VERMONT CONFERENCE.

Montpelier District.

West Randolph.—At the last quarterly meeting 4 were received by letter into the church, and 1 baptized and received on probation. Since Conference 25 members have been added to the Epworth League. Several additions also have been made to the League in Bethel Guild. About \$350 has been secured at the latter point, with which to repair the church edifice. Rev. Wm. N. Roberts is pastor.

Rev. T. P. Frost, D. D., of Baltimore, formerly this Conference, together with his family, has been spending his vacation at his cottage on Lake Morey, in Fairlee. It seems that the "last of the Vermont ponds" has really gone, and we now have "Lake Morey" instead of "Fairlee Pond."

Chelms.—Rev. H. F. Forrest has in his possession some rare parchments. They are the ordination parchments of his grandfather, Rev. Jonathan Forrest, who was present at the famous Christmas Conference, though not as a member. One parchment, the one for deacon's orders, is in the handwriting of Bishop Asbury, dated Sept. 4, 1787, and signed by Bishop Asbury. The other is that of alder's orders, dated May 7, 1789, and is in the handwriting of Bishop Coke and signed by Bishops Coke and Asbury. The parchment itself is rather crude so far as finish is concerned. One edge of one of them is not so much as trimmed, but is left to follow the unevenness of the original skin. The wax of the seals has the initials of the Bishops in monogram. These parchments are prized very highly by the owner and his family.

The pastors throughout the district take notice of the Announcement of Zion's Herald for 1894. It is doubtful if so varied and attractive a prospectus has ever before been issued by this journal. Look it over and wish the canvass for the Herald "early and often." It may not be possible for you to have an assistant pastor, even though your work is heavy and you feel the need of it, but you can have a wonderful assistant in the Herald, which will come fifty-two times every year to the homes you can visit so few times during that period, and will supplement your work right royally. Try it! Let your motto be, "A Methodist paper for every Methodist family on the map."

L. L.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.

Rockland District.

Nobleboro Camp-ground.—The mass meeting of the Sunday-schools of Lincoln, Knox and Sagadahoc counties was the largest in attendance ever held. President Whitman of Colby, Rev. O. M. Cousins, of Cumberland Mills, Mr. Haines, of Limerick, Rev. H. F. Wood, of Bath, Rev. M. J. Kellen, chaplain in U. S. Army, were the speakers. A question-box was conducted by Rev. S. L. Hanson, of Belfast. It was a delightful gathering. All returned to their homes eager to come again next year.

The district camp-meeting, from Aug. 28 to Sept. 2, was a time of rich spiritual blessing for God's children. There was a goodly number of conversions. Monday evening a social service was held, held by Evangelist Jones. Tuesday morning just enough clouds hung between the campus and the sun to lift the congregation. Showers of blessings fell during prayer-meeting. Rev. V. E. Hills delivered an excellent sermon in the afternoon. By noon a drenching rain, with high winds, came upon the tenters and cottagers of the afternoon. Rev. S. E. Ross was the preacher of the afternoon, and very ably aided the work of the Spirit to the satisfaction of all. The evening sermon was delivered by Rev. E. H. Hadlock. It was earnest and impressive. Although interrupted somewhat by the pelt rain at the regular hours, services were held as if the sun had shone, and hearts were gladdened with the gentle showers of the Spirit.

Wednesday morning there was sunshine again. The heavy clouds that had been hanging over the grounds departed, and the heart of God took new courage and realized new victories. Rev. C. L. Banghart occupied the pulpit at 10 A. M., and preached a soul-cheering sermon on the "Marks of the Christian." Christ was with us. An earnest appeal to sinners from the lips of Rev. F. E. White, of Dexter, followed. A very able sermon was preached in the afternoon by Rev. F. E. White, on "Perfect Love." He had no objection to people getting and teaching sanctification, for we all certainly need this grace; but there ought, at least, to be some show of conformity between their teaching and their practice. It was a strong plea for a perfect life in Christ. In the evening, Rev. J. L. Folsom sounded the note of warning.

Thursday morning Rev. C. W. Bradley dispensed the Word, followed in the afternoon by Rev. Walter Ellis, presiding elder in the New England Southern Conference, and in the evening by Rev. F. E. White. Friday morning, Rev. G. E. Edgett gave us a rich sermon, and Evangelist Jones in the afternoon delivered the last message of warning. The children's meetings, under the leadership of Rev. F. E. White, were happy seasons for the little ones. God bless those attentive boys and girls! A number of short, spicy addresses were delivered, which were very good, attended with unusual interest and power. Many renewed their covenant with God and plunged still deeper into the

cleansing fountain. The order throughout was good.

Your correspondent returned August 25 from a four weeks' outing among the hills of his native Jersey, very much refreshed and improved in health. During his absence he visited northern Vermont and spent two days in the delightful and edifying exercises of the Morrisville camp-meeting, St. Albans District, in the Vermont Conference. The meeting was under the direction of Rev. L. O. Sherburne, the energetic, whole-souled and wide-awake presiding elder of the district, who had at his command an efficient and faithful band of ministerial and lay helpers. I do not think I ever attended a camp-meeting where the ministers were more prompt in the prayer-meeting and other services than they were at this meeting; and the great object of ministers and laity was to get nearer to God and work for the salvation of souls. Our hearts were made glad for the blessed privilege of holding fellowship with each other and telling of the saving, cleansing power of Jesus and His blood. But the glorious influence and power of the Holy Ghost did not stop with the people of God, but took hold of sinners' hearts and led them to the Cross, where they cried: "What must I do to be saved?" Over sixty knelt at the altar as seekers after Christ. The old-time camp-meeting spirit is still alive among this people. The meeting was teeming full of the old-fashioned Methodist life, fire and freedom of expression, and it is taken as a sample of the spiritual fervor and devotion throughout our work in Vermont. I say, All hail to the Vermont Conference. Old Maine cannot boast of all the fire. The meeting was characterized, also, with the very best of order, there being none of that ruffianism and disrespect for religion which are found in so many places. Mr. White, the proprietor of the boarding-house, deserves special credit for the excellent board furnished to his patrons. I have attended many camp-meetings and have never seen it better, nor hardly as good. He may be a strongly recommended applicant for a similar position in years to come. Rev. F. K. Stratton, of Somerville, Mass., was present Saturday and Sunday, and preached two powerful sermons. His efforts will never be forgotten by the multitude who came from far and near. He seemed to make no attempt to capture his audience, but for an hour, each time, they listened to his burning, searching, eloquent words as if they had been enchained. On Sunday there were 5,000 people present.

After taking the parting hand in the old Methodist way, we returned joyously to the meeting for having received very much more than we were able to give. Many thanks for the warm welcome and kind wishes! Rev. M. L. Nanton, an East Maine boy, is the much-loved pastor at Morrisville. We spent a few days in his delightful home. He is nicely situated, has a fine church edifice, a large new parsonage, and good congregations. Church and parsonage property are centrally located in the thriving and beautiful village of three thousand inhabitants. Bro. Nanton and wife are happy in their work and highly esteemed in the community. AMOS.

Attractive Routes to the Great Fair.

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